



THE
WORKS
OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOL. XXXV.

Being Vol. XXV. of his

PROSE WORKS.



THE
WORKS

OF
J. DE VOLTAIRE

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THE
WORKS
OF
M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH.

WITH
Notes, Historical and Critical.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and OTHERS.

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THE
W. & R. K.

WILLIAM DE VOLTAIR



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THE
T A L E S
OF
WILLIAM VADÉ.



P R E F A C E.

By CATHERINE VADÉ.

I Still lament the death of my cousin, William Vadé, who, as it is universally known, departed this life a few years ago. He was taken ill of the small-pox; I attended him, and said to him, with tears in my eyes, “ Ah, my
“ dear cousin, this is the consequence of your
“ not getting yourself inoculated; the same
“ neglect cost your brother Anthony his life,
“ and he was, like you, one of the luminaries
“ of the age.” “ What would you have me
“ say to you?” answered William; “ I waited
“ for the permission of the Sorbonne, and I find
“ my over-scrupulousness will cost me my life.”

“ The state will have a heavy loss when you
“ die,” returned I. “ Ah,” cried William,
“ Alexander and brother Bertier are dead; Semiramis, Phillon, Sophocles, and d’Anchet
“ are in their graves.” “ Yes, my dear cousin,
“ but their great names shall never die:—Are
“ you not desirous of living a second life in the
“ noblest part of yourself? Do you not give me
“ leave to give the public, in order to console
“ them for your loss, those entertaining tales
“ with which you obliged us last year? They
“ were the delight of our family; and Jerome
“ Carré, your cousin-german, set almost as great
“ a value upon your works, as upon his own;
“ they

“ they will, doubtless, please the whole universe ;
“ that is to say, about thirty idle men who have
“ nothing to do but to read.”

William’s pretensions were not quite so extravagant. He said to me, with a humility highly becoming in an author, but very rarely to be met with, “ Ah, my cousin, do you think that
“ amongst ninety thousand pamphlets printed at
“ Paris during these last ten years, my work can
“ possibly find a place ? or that I can swim
“ upon the river of oblivion, which every day
“ swallows up so many fine things ? ”

“ Were you but to live a fortnight after your
“ death,” returned I, “ it would still be a great
“ matter ; ’tis a privilege enjoyed but by a very
“ small number ; it is the fate of most men to
“ be unheard of during their lives ; and those
“ who have made the greatest noise in the world,
“ are sometimes forgot the day after they die.
“ You will be distinguished from the crowd ;
“ and perhaps the name of William Vadé, being
“ made honourable mention of in a journal
“ or two, may pass to the latest posterity. What
“ title would you have us give your works ? ”
“ Cousin, said he, I think that of Trifle is the
“ properest ; there are few things said, done, or
“ printed, that don’t deserve this name.”

I admired the modesty of my cousin, and was greatly affected with it. Just then Jerome Carré entered the chamber. William made his will, by which he left me sole possessor of his manuscripts. Jerome and I asked him, where he chose to be buried ? I shall never forget the answer he made, it was as follows : “ I am very
“ sensible that as I was not born to any of those
“ dignities which are productive of high senti-
“ ments

P R E F A C E.

v

“ ments in their possessors, as I was never either
 “ a privy counsellor, a sheriff, or a church-
 “ warden; I shall be treated, after my death,
 “ with very little ceremony. I shall be thrown
 “ into the charnel-house of St. Innocent, and
 “ nothing will be set over my tomb but a
 “ wooden cross, which has served others before :
 “ but I have always had so great a love for my
 “ country, that I cannot bear the thought of
 “ being buried in a church-yard. Certain it is,
 “ that dying of this disease, I shall stink most
 “ horridly. The putrefaction of so many bodies
 “ which are buried at or near the churches of
 “ Paris, must inevitably infect the air ; and, as
 “ the young king Ptolomy says, very properly,
 “ when he deliberates what reception he should
 “ give Pompey,

*Ces troncs pourries exhalent dans les vents
 De quoi faire la guerre au reste de vivants.*

Infected by the putrid stench, each gale
 Threatens with death e'en those who 'scap'd the
 sword.

“ This odious and ridiculous custom of paving
 “ the churches with dead bodies, every year occa-
 “ sions at Paris epidemical diseases, and all the
 “ deceased contribute more or less to infect their
 “ country. The Greeks and Romans were
 “ wiser than we : their burying places were at
 “ a distance from their towns ; and there are
 “ even at this day many countries in Europe
 “ where this salutary custom prevails. - What a
 “ satisfaction would it be to a benevolent citi-
 “ zen, to go fatten the barren plain of Sablons,
 “ and contribute to render the harvest plentiful !

“ succeeding generations would become useful
“ to each other by this prudent regulation ; the
“ towns would be more healthy, the land more
“ fruitful. I must say, there is very little ceco-
“ nomy in the affairs both of the living and the
“ dead.”

William spoke a long time to the same purpose : he had extensive views for the public good, and he died talking, which is an incontestable proof of genius.

When he was dead, I resolved to bury him with pomp, and in a manner worthy of the great name which he had acquired in the world. I ran to all the most eminent bookfellers of Paris, and offered to deal with them for the posthumous works of my cousin William ; to these I added some fine dissertations of my brother Anthony, and a few pieces of my cousin german Jerome Carré. I obtained three Lewis-d'ors, a sum which William had never been possessed of in any period of his life. I caused funeral tickets to be printed, I requested all the wits of Paris to honour with their presence the mass which I had ordered for the repose of William's soul ; no body came. I could not attend the procession, and William was interred without any body's being the wiser. In this manner had he lived ; for though he had enriched the fair with many comic operas, which were admired by all Paris, the world enjoyed the fruits of his genius, and neglected the author : it is thus, as the divine Plato has it, men suck the orange, and throw away the rind ; thus they pluck the fruit off the tree, and then cut it down. I have been always astonished at this ingratitude.

Soon

P R E F A C E.

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Soon after the demise of William Vadé, we lost our worthy relation and friend William Carré, so well known in his time for the comedy of the Scotch Woman, which he said he translated in order to promote useful literature. I think it my duty to inform the public of the distress Jerome was in at the conclusion of his life; it was thus he expressed himself in my presence to brother Giroflée, his confessor. You know, said he, that at my baptism there were given me for patrons St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and St. Raymond of Pennafort; and that when I had the happiness of being confirmed, there were added to my patrons, St. Ignatius de Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis of Borgia, and St. Regis, all jesuits; so that I am called Jerome Thomas Raymond Ignatius Xavier Francis Regis Carré. I long thought that with so many patrons I could not possibly ever know want. Ah, brother Giroflée, how much was I mistaken! It must doubtless be the same thing with patrons as with footmen, the more one has, the worse one is served. But observe, if you please, how I was nonplus'd, for the expression is very good, whatever the commonalty may say to the contrary; Montagne, Marot, and many most facetious authors, often make use of it, nay, it is to be found in the dictionary of the academy. This then is my adventure.

The reverend father Jesuites, or Jesuits, are banished because their institution is pernicious, inconsistent with all the rights of kings and of human society, &c. &c. Now Ignatius de Loyola having created the institution called Regimen, after having undergone discipline at the college

of St. Barbe, Xavier, Francis Borgia and Régis, having lived under this regimen, it is evident that they are all blameable alike, and that I had equal reason to give all these four saints to the devil.

This made me entertain some scruples concerning St. Thomas and St. Raymond of Penafort. I read their works, and I was amazed when I saw almost the same words in St. Thomas and in Raymond as in Busembaum. I immediately forsook these two patrons, and burnt their books.

In this manner I saw myself reduced to the name of Jerome only; but this Jerome, the only patron that I had left, did me no more service than the rest; is it possible that Jerome can have no credit in Paradise! hereupon I consulted a person of profound learnings, and he told me that Jerome was the most passionate of mankind, that he had grossly abused the holy bishop of Jerusalem, John, and the holy priest Rufinus, that he had even called this last a hydra and a scorpion, and that he insulted him after his death: he shewed me the passages. Thus I at last find myself under a necessity of renouncing Jerome, and calling myself plain Carré, which is no small mortification.

Thus did Carré deposit his grief in the bosom of brother Giroflée, who answered him thus: You will never want for saints, my dear child, take St. Francis D'Assize. No, returned Carré, his wife of snow would tempt me to laugh, and this is a very serious affair. Well then, take St. Dominic. No, — he is the founder of the inquisition. — Do you then chuse St. Bernard?

He

P R E F A C E.

ix

He too severely persecuted the poor Abelard, that had more understanding than himself, and he meddled in too great a variety of affairs; give me a patron of such perfect humility, that no body has ever heard him spoken of; that's the saint for me.

Brother Giroflée remonstrated to him the impossibility of being canonized and unheard of; he gave him a list of many more patrons whom our friend did not know, which was just the same thing; but upon proposing every saint, he asked something for his convent; for he knew that Carré had money. Jerome Carré then told him the following story, which to me appeared curious:

There was formerly a king of Spain who had promised a large distribution of alms to all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Burgos that had been ruined by the war. They came to the gates of the palace, but the porters would not suffer them to enter, except upon condition that they should share with them. The good man Cardero was the first that presented himself before the monarch; he threw himself at his feet, and said, Great king, I entreat you to order an hundred lashes to be given to each of us. A comical request this, said the king; why do you ask such a thing of me? It is, replied Cardero, because your domestics insist upon going shares with us in whatever we are to receive from you. The king laughed heartily, and made Cardero a considerable present. From thence came the proverb, "It is better to be concerned with God than his saints."

x

P R E F A C E.

With such sentiments as these, my dear Jerome Carré, whose works I here join to those of William, departed this life; and I flatter myself that the gentlemen of Paris, for whom Vadé and Carré laboured all their lives, will excuse this preface.

CATHERINE VADÉ.

T H E

THE
T A L E S
O F
W I L L I A M V A D É.

What pleases the LADIES.

NOW that the brilliant god of day
Burns Africk up with scorching ray,
Now that the tropic in a sphere
Oblique contracts his bright career ;
Whilst slowly lags each winter's night,
My friends, this story may delight;
'Tis of a knight, as poor as bold,
Th' adventure's worthy to be told.
'Tis Sir John Robert that I sing,
He lived when Dagobert was king.
A trip to holy Rome he made,
Less splendid when the Cæsars sway'd ;
From that sam'd capital he brought
Not laurels pluck'd in fields well fought,
Of dispensations, pardons, store,
Indulgencies he plenty bore ;

B. 6.

OF

Of money little had he ; then
Knights errant were poor gentlemen ;
Then, to the churches sons alone
Were affluence and riches known.
A suit of armour, which, with rust,
Revolving years must needs incrust,
An ambling steed, a dog was all,
Robert his property cou'd call ;
But what's more precious he possess'd,
With youth's bright gifts our knight was bless'd ;
Alcides' strength, Adonis' grace,
Gifts priz'd in ev'ry age and place.
Robert, near Paris, chanc'd to ride
By a wood, on Charenton's side ;
Marton he saw, the blithe and fair,
A ribbon ty'd her flaxen hair :
Her shape was easy, dress so light,
Her leg it hid not from the sight.
Soon Robert's eyes such charms explor'd
As even saints might have ador'd ;
The lilly, with the blushing rose,
Combine a nosegay to compose,
Whose variegated hues are seen
Two panting globes of snow between ;
Which never fail loves flame to raise
In all who on their beauties gaze ;
Whilst her complexion's charms divine
The lustre of the flow'rs outshine.
To tell what was not told before,
A basket this fair creature bore,
And with attractions various grac'd
Made to the neighb'ring market haste
Of eggs and butter to dispose,
Which all her little stock compose.
Robert, who felt the am'rous flame,
Leap'd forward and embrac'd the dame ;

I've

I've twenty crowns, my dear, he cry'd,
Take them, and take my heart beside,
Take all I have, and take the donor :
Said Marton, Sir, 'tis too much honour.
But Robert still so briskly ply'd her,
That down she fell, he fell beside her,
And, oh disaster dire to tell !
He broke her eggs as down he fell.
His courser started at the sight,
To the next thicket took his flight.
An honest monk, as people say,
Happen'd, just then, to pass that way,
The steed his monkship quickly strides,
And, post-haste, to his convent rides ;
Her cap, which was become a fright,
Marton's first care, was to set right.
To Robert turning then she said,
My twenty crowns where are they fled ?
The knight, in hesitating strain,
Seeking his purse and steed in vain,
Excuses offer'd, all were lame,
For no excuse would serve the dame.
Being thus injur'd, straight she went
To tell the king her discontent :
A knight has robb'd me, Sire, she said,
And ravish'd too, but never paid.
Wisely the king reply'd, 'Tis clear
A rape is what has brought you here :
Go plead before queen Berthe your cause,
In these points well she kens the laws ;
She'll hear attentive what you say,
And judgment pass without delay.
Marton, with rev'rence bow'd the head,
And to the queen her way she sped.
The queen was quite humane and mild,
Look'd on each subject as a child ;

But

But she was still severely bent
To punish the incontinent :
Of prudes her council she assembl'd,
The knight uncapp'd before them trembl'd ;
With downcast eyes ne'er dared to stir,
He then had neither boot nor spur ;
The court by no chicane delay'd,
But ample full confession made ;
That taking by Charonne his way
He was by Satan led astray ;
That he repented of his crime,
Wou'd ne'er offend a second time :
But that the first might prove the last,
Sentence of death was on him past.
Robert had so much youthful grace,
So fine his person, fair his face,
That Berthe and her assessors all
Awarding sentence, tears let fall.
Pangs of remorse sad Marton felt,
And ev'ry heart began to melt :
Berthe to the court then made it plain,
That the knight pardon might obtain,
And that if ready witted, he
Might from all punishment be free ;
Since by the laws establish'd there,
Who tells what pleases all the fair,
Has to his pardon a just claim,
Acquitted by each virtuous dame ;
But then he must the thing explain
Compleatly, or his hopes are vain.
What thus had been in council started
Quickly to Robert was imparted.
The good queen Berthe being bent to save him,
Eight days to think upon it gave him ;
He swore in eight days he'd appear,
And strive to make the matter clear ;

Then,

Then for this favour unexpected,
Thank'd Berthe, and went out much dejected.
Then thus the matter he debated
Thus he his difficulty stated ;
How can I in plain terms declare
What 'tis that pleases all the fair,
And not her majesty offend ?
She marrs what she propos'd to mend.
Since to be hang'd must be my lot,
Wou'd I'd been hang'd upon the spot.
Robert, whene'er in road or street,
He chanc'd a wife or maid to meet,
Her he in urgent manner press'd
To say what 'twas she lov'd the best.
All gave evasive answers, none
The real truth wou'd fairly own.
Robert, despairing e'er to hit,
Wish'd him in hell's profoundest pit.
Sev'n times the star that rules the year
Had gilded o'er the hemisphere,
When under a refreshing shade,
Which trees with winding boughs had made,
He saw a score of beauties bright,
Who danc'd in circling mazes light ;
Of their rich robes the wavy pride
Their secret beauties scarce cou'd hide.
Soft Zephyr sporting near the fair,
Play'd in the ringlets of their hair ;
On the green turf they lightly danc'd,
Their feet scarce on its surface glanc'd.
Robert draws nigh, in hopes to find
Ease from perplexity of mind.
Just then all vanish'd from his sight,
Scarcely had day giv'n place to night ;
A toothless hag then met his eyes,
Sooty in hue and short of size,

Bent

Bent double, and with age oppress
She lean'd upon a stick for rest.
Her nose prodigious long and thin
Extended till it met her chin;
Her eyes with rheum were gall'd and red,
A few white hairs her pate o'erspread;
A scrap of tapestry was her gown,
It o'er her wrinkl'd thigh hung down.
At such an odd and uncouth sight,
A sort of terror seiz'd our knight.
The beldame, with familiar tone,
Accosts him thus : I see, my son,
By your dejected thoughtful air
Your heart feels some corroding care :
Relate to me your secret grief :
(To talk of woes gives some relief)
Altho' your case be e'er so bad,
Some consolation may be had.
I've long beheld this earthly stage,
And wisdom must increase with age.
The most unhappy oft' have sped
To bliss by my directions led.
Alas ! replied the knight, in vain
I've sought instruction to obtain :
The fatal hour is drawing nigh,
I must upon a gibbet die !
Unless I can the queen tell right
What 'tis gives women most delight.
Courage, my son, the dame reply'd,
'Tis God has to me been your guide,
'Tis for your good ; then straight to court,
Boldly proceed and make report.
Let's go together, I'll unfold
The secret which must there be told ;
But swear that for the life you owe,
Becoming gratitude you'll shew ;

That

That from you I shall have with ease
What never fails our sex to please.
An oath then from you I require
That you'll do all that I desire.
Robert, who scrupl'd not to swear,
From laughter could not well forbear.
Be serious, cry'd the antient dame,
To laugh shews want of grace and shame;
Then moving onward, hand in hand,
Before queen Berthe they quickly stand.
The council met without delay,
Robert ask'd what he had to say,
Cry'd, ladies, now your secret's out,
What you love most admits no doubt:
What, at all seasons, can content ye,
Is not of lovers to have plenty;
But woman, of whate'er degree,
Whate'er her qualities may be,
Desires to bear both night and day
O'er all about her sov'reign sway:
Woman wou'd always fain command,
If I lie, hang me out of hand.
Whilst thus harangu'd our doughty spark,
All present said he hit the mark.
Robert kiss'd Berthe's fair hand, when clear'd;
Then straight a haggard form appear'd,
The hag of whom we spoke before,
With rags and dirt all cover'd o'er,
Crying out, justice, forward press'd,
And in these terms queen Berthe address'd:
Oh lovely queen, thy sex's pride,
Who always justly dost decide,
To whom fair equity is known,
Whilst mercy dwells beside thy throne;
By me this knight your secret knew,
The life I sav'd to me is due:

He

He swore, nor should the oath prove vain,
That I should what I wish'd obtain;
Upon your justice I rely,
And hope you won't my right deny.
Says Robert, I deny it not,
I never a good turn forgot;
But, bate my armour, all I had
Was baggage, twenty crowns, and pad.
A monk, when Marton I carest,
With pure religious zeal possess'd,
As lawful prize seiz'd on the whole,
For 'twere a sin to say he stole.
Tho' honest, since I'm broke outright,
I can't this friendly turn requite.
The queen reply'd, What you have lost
Shall be repay'd to fryar's cost;
All parties shall be satisfy'd;
In three your fortune we'll divide;
For her lost eggs and chastity,
The twenty crowns shall Marton's be;
The steed I to this dame consign,
The armour, Robert, shall be thine.
Most generously you've decreed,
Said madam, but I want no steed;
'Tis Robert's person I desire,
His grace and valour I admire:
I o'er his am'rous heart would reign,
That's all the prize I wish to gain;
Robert with me must pass his life,
This day must take me for a wife.
Her purpose being thus declar'd,
Robert stood motionless, and star'd:
Then o'er her rags and figure strange,
His rolling eyes began to range;
With horror struck, he back retreated,
Crossing himself, these words repeated;

Why

Why should this ridicule and shame
With foul dishonour blast my name?
With the d'el's dam I'd rather wed
Than to that beldame go to bed;
The hag must doubtless be run mad,
Or else she doats, and that's as bad.
The hag then tenderly reply'd,
My person, queen, he can't abide;
He's like the whole ungrateful crew
Of males, but soon I'll bring him too;
I feel love's flame so brightly burn,
He needs must love me in his turn.
The heart does all, I can't but say
My charms begin to fade away;
But I'll more tender prove and kind;
'Tis best to cultivate the mind:
We find e'en Solomon declare
The wise by far exceed the fair.
I'm poor, is that so hard a case?
Sure poverty is no disgrace.
Can't one enjoy content of mind,
Except on iv'ry bed reclin'd?
Madam, in all this regal pride,
When you lie by our monarch's side,
Do you enjoy more kindly rest?
Does love sincerer warm your breast?
You've read of old Philemon's flame
For Baucis, tho' an antient dame.
Those jealousies by old age bred,
Dwell not beneath the rustic shed;
Vice flies where luxury is unknown,
We equal kings, serve God alone;
Your country's glory we support,
We furnish soldiers for the court:
In rend'ring populous the state,
The poor by much outdo the great.

If

If heav'n should to my chaste desire
Refuse the offspring I require,
Love's flowers without its fruits can please,
Upon love's tree those flowers I'll seize.
While thus the antient dame descanted,
All the court ladies were enchanted.
Robert was to her arms consign'd,
Disgust was vain, for oaths must bind ;
The dame insisted on her right
Of riding with her much-lov'd knight
To her thatch'd hut, where wedlock's bands
Were to unite their hearts and hands.
Robert his courser 'gins to stride,
With sorrow takes his future bride ;
With horror seiz'd, and red with shame,
He often strove to throw the dame,
Or drown her, but was by the law
Of chivalry still kept in awe.
The lady with her knight delighted
To him her race's deeds recited,
How the great Clovis royal sword
The bosoms of three monarchs gor'd,
Who were his friends, yet could obtain
Pardon and heaven's high favour gain.
From heav'n she saw the fam'd dove bring
To Remi, that illustrious king,
The flask and oil so highly priz'd,
Which he was smear'd with when baptiz'd.
With all her narratives she blended
Thoughts and reflections well intended,
Sallies of wit, remarks refin'd,
Which, without calling off the mind,
Attention in who heard excited,
And both instructed and delighted.
Still does our knight with eager ears
Devour the stories that he hears ;

Charm'd

Charm'd when he heard his wife, but when
He saw, th' unhappiest of men.

At length the ill-match'd couple came
To the thatch'd cabin of the dame ;
Preparing things with eager haste,
The table for her spouse the plac'd ;
Such fare might suit with Saturn's age,
'Tis now but talk'd of by the sage.

Three sticks support two rotten boards,
Such table that poor hut affords ;

At this our couple sat at meat,
Each odly plac'd on narrow seat ;
The husband sadly hung his head,
The bride a thousand gay things said ;
Wit she combin'd with graceful ease,
Utter'd bon mots which pique and please,
So nat'ral that to those who hear,

Said by themselves they must appear.

So pleas'd was Robert, that a smile
Escap'd him, and he thought a while
His wife less ugly than before,

But she would fain, the supper o'er,
Have her spouse go with her to bed ;
He raves, he wishes to be dead :

He yields, tho' not with a good grace,
Since without remedy his case.

Foul clothes our knight but little matters,

Quite gnaw'd by rats and torn to tatters,

On pieces of old wood extended,

And frequently with packthread mended ;

All this the knight could have digested,

But Hymen's rites he quite detested.

Of these indeed he much complain'd ;

Good heav'n, cry'd he, is't so ordain'd !

At Rome, 'tis said, grace from on high

Can both the pow'r and will supply ;

But

But grace does for the present fail,
 And I for my part am outtran;
 My wife can by her wit impart
 Delight, she has a feeling heart;
 But when with sense there's conflict dire,
 Can heart or head true joy inspire?
 Our knight benumb'd like ice, this said,
 Threw himself flat upon his bed;
 And, to conceal his anguish, tries
 To feign a sleep, sleep from him flies.
 The beldame, pinching Robert, cry'd,
 Do you then slumber by your bride?
 Dear but ungrateful spouse, you see
 I am subdu'd, now yield to me;
 The timid voice of struggling shame
 Is stifled by my am'rous flame;
 Reign o'er my sense without controul,
 Since you reign pow'rful o'er my soul;
 I die! just heaven say to what end
 With virtue must our love contend?
 I'm quite dissolv'd in love's bright flame,
 Pleasure thrills thro' my vital frame;
 Must I, alas! without thee die?
 'Tis to thy conscience I apply.
 Our knight was complaisant and kind,
 Religion, candour, grac'd his mind;
 He took compassion on the dame;
 Madam, said he, I wish my flame
 Like yours, might strong and brightly shine,
 The power t'effect it is not mine.
 You can effect it, said his wife,
 A great heart, at your stage of life,
 By fortitude, by art, and care,
 Performs with ease atchievements rare:
 Think how the ladies will approve
 At court this miracle of love.

Per-

Perhaps I your disgust excite,
Wrinkles are shocking to your sight ;
Heroes magnanimous despise
Such trifles, only shut your eyes.
Our knight of glory fond wou'd fain
This conquest of himself obtain ;
Obedience then became his choice,
Lift'ning alone to honour's voice,
Finding in vig'rous youth alone
What cou'd for beauty's want atone,
And love's supply, he shuts his eyes,
And, to perform his duty, tries.
Enough, enough, then said the bride,
I ask no more ; I'm satisfy'd ;
My influence o'er your heart I know,
That influence to me you owe ;
Acknowledge then, as matters stand,
The wife will still at home command.
Robert, all that I ask of thee
Is to be always rul'd by me ;
My love enjoins an easy task,
Now view me well, 'tis all I ask.
Then Robert looks, and sees in clusters
A hundred flambeaux plac'd on lustres,
In a proud palace, which he saw
Before a cabin thatch'd with straw.
There underneath rich curtains grac'd
With fringe of pearls in highest taste.
A beauty bright appear'd to view,
Such as Apelles never drew ;
E'en Vanlo's colours wou'd prove faint,
That heaven of charms divine, to paint ;
No Phideas nor no Pigal e'er
Could carve a busto of the fair.
Her form like lovely Venus shew'd,
Whose golden tresses graceful flow'd,

Whose

Whose melting eyes appear'd to languish,
Whilst soothing Mars's am'rous anguish,
Myself, she said, this palace, all
This wealth, your own, dear Robert, call :
You did not ugliness despise,
You therefore merit beauty's prize.
But now, methinks, my readers claim
To know what was this fair one's name,
Whose heart our knight had won ; why then
'Twas fairy Urgelle, gentlemen,
Who, warriors, in her time, caress'd,
And knights assisted when distress'd.
Happy the age ! thrice bless'd mankind,
When tales like these belief cou'd find,
Of spirits hov'ring in the air,
Of demons who make men their care !
In castle close by roasting fire,
The daughter, mother, husband, fire,
The neighbourhood and all the race,
Attended with a wond'ring face,
Whilst, by the almoner, were told
Deeds done by forcerers of old.
We of the marvellous are rifl'd,
By reason's weight the graces stiff'd,
Have to th' insipid men consign'd
The soul by reas'ning is confin'd ;
Still hunting after truth we go ;
From error too some good may flow.

THE
E D U C A T I O N
O F A
P R I N C E.

SINCE the bright god of day, in the course
of his race,

In Aquarius resides with a sorrowful face,
Since tempests so loudly on our high mountains
blow,

And our meadows are all cover'd over with snow,
By the fire I'll a new story tell in new style,
Amusements the time that hangs heavy beguile.
I am old, I must own't, and will therefore descend
To the pleasures of children, since near my life's
end.

A prince erst reign'd at Beneventum, 'tis said,
Quite mad with his pow'r, and in luxury bred,
To knowledge a stranger, and not ill educated,
By his neighbours despised, by his own subjects
hated.

This small state to govern two arch-knaves com-
bin'd,

They exerted themselves their young master to
blind ;

In this project they were by his confessor aided,
They by turns succeeded, he by all was persuaded
That his talents, his virtues, and his great repu-
tation,

Cou'd insure perfect bliss to the mightiest nation ;

C

That

That when once their duke had to manhood attain'd,

He was dreaded and lov'd, and in all mens hearts reign'd :

That his arms cou'd both France and Italia confound ;

That with wealth his exchequer wou'd ever abound ;

That Solomon ne'er had so much wealth of old,
Tho' the torrent of Cedron o'er golden sands roll'd.

Alamon (for by that name this prince we must call)

Still was dupe to gross flatt'ries, for he swallow'd 'em all,

With pastimes delighted, court buffoons he caress'd,

And when he had din'd thought his people were blest'd.

One valiant old gen'ral at court still remain'd,
Ernon, greatly esteem'd when the duke's father reign'd,

Who not being brib'd spoke his mind uncontrol'd,
And undaunted, the government's ruin foretold.

To jealousy rous'd, those who bore supreme sway
Soon found means to remove Ernon out of the way ;

Unknown to the prince he to exile was sent,
But there at a farm the old man liv'd content ;

There with friends he liv'd happy, resign'd to his fate,

And he wept for his master as well as the state ;
Whilst with sloth and with pleasure the young duke content,

On the down of soft ease both his days and nights spent.

The

The murmurs by which oft his subjects express
Discontent, wou'd however sometimes break his
rest,

But that distant din, which he hardly cou'd hear,
Grows weak in its course, and scarce beats on his
ear ;

Whilst with woe overloaded men groan'd thro'
the realm,

Alamon led a languishing life at the helm.

Then was tyranny's triumph, but the heav'ns took
his part,

And to work reformation with love touch'd his
heart.

Young Amida he saw, he both saw her and heard,
His heart felt emotion, and to live he appear'd ;
He was handsome, and might with assurance ad-
dress her,

But the mystery soon was smok'd by his confessor ;
In his penitent's breast straight he scruples excited,
Superstition and ign'rance are easily frightened :

And the two wicked rulers who fear'd lest the
lover

Might one day their sinister proceedings discover,
Were for making Amida like Ernon depart :

Her all to pack up she prepar'd with sad heart.

The weak Alamon all this insolence bore,
His reluctance was vain, from his charmer he tore.
He doubted and waver'd, for just in that season
His soul was but faintly illumin'd by reason.

When Amida was going there were heard loud
alarms,

The cry was, A'll's lost, let us die and to arms,
On Allah, St. Germain, Christ, and Mahomet
loud,

They call'd, and on every side fled a crowd :

A warrior turban'd who led on a band
Of muffledmen holding a faulchion in hand,
Over heaps of the dead, or expiring, who lay
All reeking in gore, with his sword cut a way,
With sword and with fire to the palace he flew,
The women he seiz'd on, their husbands he slew.
From Cuma this gen'ral march'd to Beneventum,
But the rulers ne'er dream'd he wou'd thus circumvent 'em ;

Desolation and ruin up to Rome's walls he spread,
And St. Paul and St. Peter were both seiz'd with dread.

My dear readers, this chief was Abdallah the Proud,
Who, by God, to chastise his own church was allow'd.

When the palace he enter'd, in chains all were cast,

Prince, monks, lacquies, ministers, and chiefs
were made fast,

As calves ty'd in couples upon sledges are laid,
And to the next market sad victims convey'd.

Thus appear'd the young duke and each worthy assessor,

All laid by the heels with the father confessor,
Who cross'd himself often, and with fervency pray'd,

And preach'd resolution, tho' sorely dismay'd.

The victors then shar'd when the vanquish'd were ty'd,

The booty the emirs in three parts divide ;

Of men, and of horses, and saints they dispose,
And first from their captives they strip off their clothes.

In all ages have taylors disguis'd human nature,
So that man to man always was a most unknown creature.

Dress

Dress changes mens figures and their characters
too,

To judge of man rightly we shou'd naked him
view.

The mussulman chief had the duke, at that time,
As already was said, he was in his youth's prime;
Since he seem'd to be strong, muleteer he was made,
And soon he was highly improv'd by that trade.
His nerves, which by sloth and by ease weak
were grown,

Inur'd to hard labour, acquir'd a new tone;
His sloth, by adversity taught, he subdu'd,
And valour in him sprung from mean servitude.
Valour, when without pow'r, makes the state of
man worse,

His impotence then is the heavier curse.
Abdallah to pleasure began to resign
His soul, and in spite of his prophet drank wine.
The court and town ladies, all prone to adore him,
Were by the black eunuch each night brought
before him;

By beauties attended he prepares for repose,
And she's happy to whom he the handkerchief
throws.

Whilst the chief led a life of unceasing delight,
Whilst joy wing'd each hour, and love triumph'd
at night,

In the stable much hardship and woe the prince
bore,

Those his comrades were now who were subjects
before.

His mules all his care and attention requir'd,
He comb'd 'em each day till his hands were quite
tir'd.

His woe to compleat, and to make him quite rave,
He beheld fair Amida led by the black slave

To share, in her turn, the fell conqueror's bed :
Fir'd with rage at the sight, to the eunuch he said,
To make me quite wretched, there but wanted
this stroke.

Wonder seiz'd on the slave at the words which he
spoke ;

In a language quite diff'rent, fair Amida reply'd,
With affection and sorrow her young lover sheey'd ;
Her eloquent looks her full meaning express,
They meant, Bear your woes, live my wrongs
to redress ;

Your present mean station I do not despise,
Your sufferings give you new worth in my eyes.
Alamon took the meaning which her looks thus
express'd,

And heart-cheering hope was reviv'd in his breast.
Amida with beauty transcendently bright,
So dazzl'd the chief of the mussulman's sight,
That, transported with passion, by Allah he swore,
He enjoyment had known but ne'er knew love
before.

The fair one resist'd to increase his desires,
Resistance serv'd only to fan the chief's fires.
A woman's head still with invention is fraught,
Said she, Sir, your conquest I well may be thought ;
You're unconquer'd in love as in warlike alarms,
All fall at your feet, or rush into your arms ;
But the honour you mean me defer for three days,
And grant, to console me for such sad delays,
Two things, which as proofs of your love, I
require ;

I'll grant, said the pirate, whate'er you desire.
Then make three Beneventers, said she, undergo
A couple of hundred sound lashes, or so ;
This discipline for their transgressions is due ;
This, Sir's, the first favour I hope for from you.
The

The second, Sir, is, that you two mules wou'd spare me,

Which may on a litter from time to time bear me;
And to drive 'em a muleeter of my own chusing:
Your requests, said Abdallah, there is no refusing.
'Twas done soon as said, and the hypocrite vile
With both courtiers who join'd their lord's youth
to beguile,

Receiv'd each their full quota, which pleas'd all
of the nation,

Who had often complain'd of mal-administration,
And the duke was the happiest mortal alive,
Since permitted his mistress in litter to drive.

All's not o'er, said Amida, you must conquer
and reign,

Now's the time, or to die, or your crown to regain;
You're not wanting in courage, Ernon's faithful,
and I

Am resolv'd to serve you and my country, or die.

Then make no delay but to Ernon repair,

To ask pardon for all he has suffer'd take care;

To serve you what remains of his life he'll expose,

Return in three days, and then fall on your foes;

There's no time to be lost, for Abdallah is bent

To accomplish in three days his lustful intent.

In love and in war time is precious you know;

Alamon with alacrity answer'd, I go.

Ernon, whom Amida had informed of all,

Lov'd his prince, tho' ungrateful, and lamented
his fall;

His gen'rous, brave friends all stood ready at hand,

And of soldiers he headed a most resolute band.

Ernon tenderly wept when his prince he had found,

They arm'd in secret, march'd in silence profound.

Amida address'd 'em, and her words cou'd impart

The love of true glory to each abject slave's heart,

Alamon cou'd both conduct and courage unite,
And a hero became when he first went to fight.
The Turk plung'd in lux'ry, who nothing mis-
trusted,

Surpriz'd by the vanquish'd, in his turn was
worsted.

Alamon to the palace had in triumph advanc'd
At the time when the Turk by soft pleasure
intransc'd,

Not having yet heard the dire turn of his fate,
Was with hopes of enjoying fair Amida elate.
His right he asserted, and took the Turk's place;
Then straight there appear'd with a confident face,
The priest in whose air there appear'd much re-
signment,

And the two knavish courtiers just broke from
confinement ;

Boasting that they did all, tho' their boasts were
quite vain,

The influence they once had they hop'd to main-
tain.

To prove cruel and spiteful cowards but seldom
have fail'd,

The monk was for having Abdallah impal'd.

The prince then reply'd with a resolute tone,

Vile wretch, such a punishment shou'd be your
own ;

By a shameful repose you to ruin had brought me,
This Turk and my mistress true courage have
taught me ;

By your precepts misguided, false zeal I ador'd,
But misfortunes and love have my virtues restor'd.

At peace, brave Abdallah, and in freedom depart,
'Tis you have reform'd both my mind and my
heart:

Then

Then in freedom depart, no more trouble this
 state,
 And if ever it shou'd be so order'd by fate,
 That o'er your dominions three knaves shou'd
 bear sway,
 Send directly for me, I'll your favour repay.



T H E

E D U C A T I O N

O F A

D A U G H T E R.

WINTER still lasts, my friends, and
 my greatest delight

Is by telling long stories t' amuse you at night.

Let us talk of dame Gertrude, I ne'er yet knew
 a prude

With charms more attractive or more various en-
 du'd:

Tho' thirty-six years had pass'd over her head,
 The graces and loves were not yet from her fled.

Tho' grave in behaviour, she was ne'er seen to
 frown,

Her eyes had much lustre, yet she ever look'd
 down;

Her breast white as snow was with gauze cover'd
 o'er,

Thro' which curious eyes cou'd its beauties ex-
 plore.

A few touches of art, and a little red lead,
 Gave a delicate glow to her natural red :
 Her person neglecting more brightly she shone,
 Her dress struck the eye by its neatness alone.
 On her toilet a Bible was always display'd,
 And near Massillon was a pot of paint laid ;
 The devotions for Lent she still read o'er and o'er,
 But what made zeal in her respected the more,
 Was that she in woman excus'd each rash action,
 For Gertrude the devout was no friend to detrac-
 tion.

This dame had one daughter alone, seventeen
 Was her age ; a more bright beauty never was
 seen ;

Of this lovely creature Isabel was the name,
 More fair than her mother, but her beauty the same.
 They appear'd like Minerva and like Venus the
 fair,

To breed up her daughter was Gertrude's chief
 care.

Like a flow'r newly blown she her child kept a
 stranger

To this wicked world's contagion and danger.
 Cards, public diversions, and gay conversation
 To each innocent soul direful baits of temptation,
 The true snares of Satan which the saints ever fly,
 Were pleasures which Gertrude's house ne'er
 durst come nigh.

Gertrude had a chapel whereto to repair,
 When minded to heaven to put up a pray'r ;
 There her leisure she oft' past in good meditations,
 And her soul breath'd to heaven in ejaculations.
 Resplendent with richest of furniture shone
 This retreat, to the eye of the public unknown :
 A pair of stairs where the prophane ne'er durst
 tread,

To the garden and from it into the street led.

You

You all know that in summer the sun's scorching
ray

Makes night oft more agreeable far than the day ;
By the moon's silver light then the heavens are
o'erspread,

And girls take no pleasure to slumber in bed.

Isabel, whilst with pleasing pain throbb'd her soft
breast,

(As girls at seventeen can't be always at rest)

Pass'd the night under shelter of some cooling
shade,

Yet scarce ever thought for what use it was made.

Unmov'd she saw nature, and never admir'd,

But rose, went and came, just as caprice inspir'd ;

No object impression could make on her mind,

She knew not how to think, yet to think was in-
clin'd.

At the chapel she chanc'd to hear one day some stir,

That moment she felt curiosity's spur ;

No suspicion she had which could justly raise fear,

Yet trembling and with hesitation drew near ;

One foot putting forward, on the stairs she as-
cended,

One hand she held back, and the other extended ;

With eye fix'd, out-stretch'd neck, and heart
throbbing fast,

Herself she exerted to hear all that past.

The first thing she hears is the voice of soft an-
guish,

Words half interrupted, sighs of lovers that lan-
guish.

My mother's oppress'd by some pain or some care,

Cry'd she, in her troubles I shou'd have my share.

Approaching she heard these soft words, Dear
Andrew

For the bliss of my life I'm indebted to you.

Isabella

Isabella this hearing took heart, and she cry'd,
 My mother is well, I shou'd be satisfy'd.
 At length Isabella retires to her bed,
 But for sighing can't sleep, strange things run
 in her head :

Bliss Andrew bestows, but how, by what art ?
 'Tis sure a rare talent happiness to impart.
 Thus she argu'd the case by herself all the night,
 And impatiently wish'd the return of the night.
 Isabel the next morning shew'd some inquietude,
 Her concern was quickly perceiv'd by Gertrude.
 To Isabel silence prov'd a task too severe,
 To ask prying questions she cou'd not forbear.
 Who's this Andrew, said she, madam, who's
 said to know

The way upon woman true bliss to bestow ?
 Gertrude started, as justly it might be suppos'd
 That all was discover'd, yet herself she compos'd :
 Then with perfect assurance to her daughter re-
 ply'd,

O'er every family a saint shou'd preside;
 I've made choice of St. Andrew, to him I'm de-
 voted,

By him is my temporal welfare promoted :
 I invoke him in secret, his assistance implore,
 He often appears to me whilst I adore ;
 There does not one saint in all Paradise dwell,
 Who in holiness can my St. Andrew excel.
 A well-shap'd young man whom we Dennis shall
 name,

Soon of fair Isabella enamour'd became.
 From Isabel Dennis most kind treatment found,
 And their loves with enjoyment were frequently
 crown'd.

Gertrude to ev'ry stir in her turn giving ear,
 Chanc'd the anthems sung by Isabella to hear,

And

And the pray'rs which she made whilst she Dennis caress'd,

In extacy straining him to her soft breast.

Surprizing our lovers, Gertrude was enrag'd:

Her passion the daughter by this answer asswag'd:

Dear mother, excuse me, for patron I claim

St. Dennis, as your saint St. Andrew you name.

Gertrude then grown wiser greater happiness knew,

Retaining her lover, she to saints bid adieu,

She dropt the vain project of deceiving mankind:

They're not to be cheated, for Envy's not blind;

With piercing eye Envy will see thro' your mask;

To conjecture is easy, to feign a hard task;

To live free is a blessing, but all pleasures are faint

To the wretch who lives under perpetual constraint.

The fair Isabel liv'd no longer retir'd,

In charms she increas'd, by the town was admir'd.

Tho' pleasures which Gertrude had excluded before,

She agreed as companions of love to restore:

There the most polite people in joy pass their days,

Nought is found in good company undeserving of praise.



T H E

T H R E E M A N N E R S.

HOW form'd were th' Athenians true joy
to impart!

How their genius delights and enlivens my heart!

How under their fictions ingenious I trace

Truth's likeness, and soon grow in love with her
face!

But

But of all their inventions that which strikes me
the most

Is the stage, of Athenians the pride and the boast ;
Whereon heroes renown'd, and the chiefs of old
times,

Cou'd act over again both their good deeds and
crimes.

You see how all nations in this present age
Adopt their example, and wou'd rival their stage.
No folio instruction like the drama conveys,
Perish, perish the wretches who wou'd censure all
plays ;

When that vile, abject race first existed below,
A heart Nature on them forgot to bestow.

At the Greeks solemn games, 'twas the custom to
crown

Men of eminent virtue and chiefs of renown ;
Before the people justice was done to their merit,
Thus oft' I've seen Villars and 'Maurice, whose
spirit

And conduct from courtiers met with censure se-
vere,

When they went to the opera receive laurels there.
Thus when Richlieu victorious return'd from
Mahon,

Which he bravely had taken as curs'd envy must
own,

Wherever he pass'd he receiv'd loud applause ;
Not greater Clairon from the crowded pit draws.
Before buskins were known in old Æschylus' time,
Ere Melpomene trod the stage with steps sublime,
To young lovers was granted a much envy'd prize,
Whoever inspir'd by his mistress' bright eyes,
In the year had done most, and most tenderness
shewn,

That man was before all the Greeks crown'd alone.
The

The cause of her passion was by each fair one
pleaded,

Her lover's claim she by her eloquence aided,
Having first made an oath to abstain from all art,
Nor like orators aim at misleading the heart,
Without exaggeration their cause to support ;
A hard task to women as to lawyers at court.
Still extant remains one of these fine debates,
Which took rise from the leisure of Greece's
free states.

Eudames being archon, if my mem'ry's right,
Three beauties appearing fill'd all Greece with
delight ;

Ægle, Apamis, and Teone were their names ;
The wits of all Greece ran in crowds to the
games :

Tho' great talkers, they then kept a silence pro-
found,

Attentively list'ning as the stage they went round.
In a golden cloud Venus with young Cupid de-
scended,

To all that the disputants utter'd attended.

First began youthful Ægle, who had graces and
art,

Which charming eye and ear found a way to the
heart.

Hermotimes my much lov'd, my much honour'd
fire,

Throughout his whole life felt true genius's fire,
He attach'd himself always to those gifts of the
mind,

Those elegant arts which have polish'd mankind ;

To science devoted, from all honours he fled,

And life unambitious with his family led ;

His daughter he would to no husband consign,

But to one who like him felt the influ'nce divine,

Who

Who best knew to sing to the lyre, and to paint
The few charms nature gave me, which indeed
are but faint.

Young Lygdamon lov'd me ; nat'ral genius alone,
By art unassisted, in him brightly shone,
Discreet and ingenious, both refin'd and polite,
He ne'er spoke as a scholar, but always spoke right ;
He no talents possess'd, yet could judge of each art,
Ev'ry grace his mind form'd, and soft love fill'd
his heart ;

He knew to love only ; in that art he excell'd ;
My heart soon to learn it from him was compell'd.
When my fire would have acted a tyrannical part,
And have torn me from him who possess'd my
sad heart,

And would with some painter have caus'd me to
wed,

Some genius to musick and poetry bred,
How incessant the tears trickl'd from my sad eyes,
Despotic power o'er us parents would exercise !
Since we owe life to them, o'er our lives they
have power

Like gods, so for death I prepar'd in sad hour ;
Confus'd and despairing wretched Lygdamon fled,
And sought some asylum where to shelter his head.
My fire meant in six months to dispose of my hand,
That delay was expected by the whole am'rous
band.

No room had they then their sad talents to shew,
I was grown a mere picture of sorrow and woe.
The moments swift flying increas'd my alarms,
My lov'd Lygdamon had retir'd from my arms ;
When my lovers shou'd meet I expected my doom,
To escape 'em, I wish'd to sink into my tomb.
Twenty rivals productions were exposed to men's
eyes ;

To

To a thousand debates their productions gave rise :
I who had not seen any for none cou'd decide,
My father impatient wou'd have made me the
bride

Of the proud Harpagus, whose works greatly
were priz'd,

To him I was going to be sacrific'd.

A slave then who seem'd to arrive in post-haste
The work of a stranger full in their view plac'd :
All present then fix'd on the canvas their eyes,
'Twas my picture, so like that it caus'd much
surprize.

In the picture I seem'd both to breathe and to
speak,

And sigh as my heart were just going to break ;
In my air, in my eyes perfect love was express'd,
Art appear'd not, 'twas nature represented at best ;
On the canvas appear'd by art wond'rous and new,
The soul and the body at once to the view ;
There deep shade was united with light's mildest
gleams,

As at morning we see the sun dart his bright beams
Athwart our vast forests circl'd round with thick
shades,

And gild fruits and harvests, green meadows and
glades.

To find fault was only Harpagus' desire,

The rest all stood silent and were forc'd to admire.

Who's this, cry'd out Harpagus, lost in amaze,

That painting to such high perfection cou'd raise ?

To whom at last shall I my daughter consign ?

Lygdamon then appearing, said, shall she be mine ?

'Tis love that's the painter, love alone on my
breast

Has this lively image of my Ægle impress'd.

'Twas

'Twas love's pow'r on the canvas directed my hand,

What art is not subject to that god's high command?

'Tis his power alone that can all arts inspire.

Then to voice soft and tender attuning his lyre,

Of tones and notes various he made music so fine,

All thought themselves seated at a concert divine;

Like Apelles he painted, and like Orpheus he sung,

With rage and with fury was Harpagus stung;

Fire flash'd from his eyes, and his anger suppress'd,

His visage inflam'd, and boil'd fierce in his breast.

Then seizing with frenzy a javelin, he flew,

In Lygdamon's blood his fell hands to embrue;

My lover to slay the barbarian intended,

And over two lives dire destruction impended.

Lygdamon, who perceiv'd him, was no way dismay'd;

But with the same hand that so skilfully play'd,

Which the hearts and the minds of his hearers had charm'd,

He rais'd his foe whom he had fought and disarm'd.

Then sure to love's prize he may justly lay claim,

Permit me to grant the reward of his flame.

Thus spoke the fair Ægle. Love applauds her discourse,

And the theatre rung, the Greeks clapp'd with such force.

To hear this applause drew a blush from the dame,

And her passion for Lygdamon fiercer became.

Then rose Teone, nor her speech nor her air
Were formed by art, or seem'd study'd with care;

The Greeks when she rose, for a time seem'd more
gay,

Her adventure with smiles she began to display

In

In verse of less length, and a different measure,
Which runs with great ease, and is heard with
much pleasure ;
'Twas in such the gay Hamilton still chose to
write ;
Such nature has often been known to indite.

T E O N E.

Young Agaton you all must know,
His charms like those of Nereus shew ;
His cheeks glow'd with a lovely red,
And scarce with down were overspread ;
His eyes like Venus's are sweet,
His voice like hers with love replete.
Lilies united with the rose
The tincture of his hue compose ;
The ringlets of Apollo's hair
Are not so graceful, long, and fair.
When of fit age to be a wife,
I chose him as my own for life,
My heart was not his captive made
By outward charms which quickly fade ;
Like Paris he can strike the eye,
In strength with fam'd Achilles vie.
One evening as I with my aunt
Took on the Ægean sea a jaunt,
Near one of those delightful isles
On which kind heav'n for ever smiles,
A Lydian vessel, great of size,
Seiz'd on our sloop as lawful prize.
Long had the corsair, then grown grey,
Cruiz'd near those isles in quest of prey,
Girls in the bloom of youth he sought,
These to his governor he brought.

He

He wanted one about my age,
Saw something in me to engage ;
He let my antient aunt go free,
And as men sparrows catch, seiz'd me ;
With haste then to his master goes,
Of his new booty to dispose.
My good aunt then with clam'rous cries
And bosom swoln with sorrow flies
To the Pyreum, there to tell
Whoe'er she met of what befel ;
How her Teone was the prey
Of a corsair that rov'd the sea ;
Of one who dealt in female ware ,
And meant to sell me at some fair.
Think you was Agaton content
With tears what happen'd to lament ?
On canvas with a brush to trace
The various features of my face,
To tune his lyre, his voice to raise,
To sing my loss and beauties praise ?
To arms my lover had recourse,
Resolv'd to get me back by force :
Not having wherewithal to pay
Those that engage in ev'ry fray,
He to his youthful figure trusted,
And like a girl himself adjusted,
With petticoat and stays when dress'd,
He hid a poniard in his breast ;
Then in a sloop he brav'd the main,
Bent or to die or me regain.
The youth arriv'd soon thus array'd,
To where Mæander winding play'd.
So bright his charms were, he seem'd born
The court of some prince to adorn ;
He seem'd a sheep made for the fold
To which I just before was sold.

When

When he began on shore to tread,
To my seraglio he was led.
No girl before was ever blest'd
With joy like that which fill'd my breast,
When I in my seraglio spy'd
My Grecian lover at my side,
And that within my pow'r it lay
All that his love dar'd to repay ;
Him I accepted as my own,
The deities appear'd alone
At nuptials in such hurry made ;
No priest was by in robes array'd ;
And those who to a master bend,
Have seldom servants to attend.
At night the am'rous satrap came
To my bed-side, talk'd of his flame,
His lust to gratify he thought,
But one fine girl was to him brought.
On seeing two, with great surprize,
I can't too many have, he cries,
Your lovely friend I much admire,
Company's all that I desire ;
Tho' two, I'll find means to content you,
Let no curs'd jealousy torment you.
When thus he had his mind express'd,
He both his mistresses carets'd,
His word preparing to make good,
To do as he had said he would ;
For Agaton I was afraid,
But my brave Greek quite undismay'd
Upon the lustful satrap flew,
Seiz'd on his hair, his poniard drew,
Discover'd that he was a man,
And boldly thus to speak began :
Your doors this instant open throw,
Out of this house let us three go ;

By

By signs your whole attendant band
 Not to follow after us command ;
 To the shore let us take our way,
 And there embark without delay.
 I'll watch you with attentive eyes,
 If word or gesture I surprize,
 If the least doubtful sign I spy,
 That very instant you shall die ;
 Your corpse into the river thrown
 Shall to the bottom quick go down.
 The satrap, tho' a noble peer,
 Was very liable to fear ;
 He with great readiness obey'd ;
 The man is gentle that's afraid.
 Then in the little bark with haste
 With us the governor we plac'd.
 Soon as in Greece we all were landed,
 The vanquish'd's ransom was demanded ;
 A round sum in good gold was paid,
 This money was my dowry made.
 Acknowledge then my lover's deed
 Does that of Lygdamon exceed ;
 That just had been my sad complaint,
 Had he amus'd himself to paint
 My face, or in elab'rate verse
 My various graces to rehearse.

Her passion delighted, Greece heard her display
 With ease unaffected, with simplicity gay,
 All that Teone said was with fire animated,
 Grace in telling has more force than what is
 related.

They applauded, they laugh'd, laughter Greeks
 never tires,
 When man's happy what signifies what he ad-
 mires.

Agam's

Apamis then, her eyes with tears flowing, ad-
 vanc'd,
 Her sorrows enchanted and her charms inhanc'd.
 The Greeks when she spoke took a more serious
 air,
 No heart in her favour delay'd to declare.
 In moderate measure she related the woes
 Which from her unhappy love's adventure arose;
 The smooth running syllables gave delight to each
 ear,
 And arrang'd with much art quite neglected ap-
 pear.
 The melody of this easy metre's divine,
 The long oft' tires the ear, tho' acknowledg'd
 more fine.

A P A M I S.

Tho' some curs'd star then rul'd the earth,
 'Twas Amatonte first gave me birth,
 Bless'd region! where in Greece, 'tis said,
 The mother of the loves was bred,
 Her cradle to that happy shore
 The ever-smiling pleasures bore;
 Tho' born the human race to bless,
 Me she has loaded with distress.
 From her pure law no ill cou'd flow,
 She pour'd down only good below,
 Whilst her law nature's law remain'd;
 Curs'd rigour has her altars stain'd:
 The gods are merciful and kind,
 But priests to cruelty inclin'd.
 A law they made severe as new,
 That any nymph that prov'd untrue,
 Her life shou'd in that water close
 From whence Love's goddess once arose,

Unless

Unless her forfeit life to save
Some lover chose a wat'ry grave.
Can nothing then but punishment
Inconstancy in love prevent ?
Should woman, weak and prone to change
From love to love, inconstant range ?
We'll own 'tis bad, but cannot see
Of drowning the necessity.
Oh Venus, beauty of the skies,
From whom my woes and joys took rise,
Whom I with so devout a care
Serv'd with young Batilus the fair,
I upon you as witness call
Of my love's force, you know it all ;
You know if e'er my flame to feed
My passion stood of fear in need ;
With love reciprocal delighted,
Our two souls were as one united ;
I and my lover felt that fire
Which once the goddess did inspire.
The sun when he began his course,
Was witness of our passion's force ;
And when his setting rays the vale
Began to gild, he heard our tale ;
But most the sable shades of night
Were conscious of our soft delight.
Arenorax, by love disclaim'd,
Whose heart to ev'ry vice was fram'd,
Lov'd me, but 'twas thro' spight alone,
This all his words and deeds made known :
Still he was jealous, for by fate
The wretch was pre-ordain'd to hate ;
Envy's curst poisons he let fall,
His tongue distill'd vile slander's gall.
Hateful informers, monsters dire,
To hell, which gave you birth, retire ;

To hurt me so much art was us'd,
That e'en my lover was abus'd,
And innocence a victim fell
To fraud, the off-spring curst of hell.
Do not require to have display'd
The horrid plot this monster laid ;
Such thoughts no place have in my soul,
My lover there still claims the whole.
In vain I to Love's goddess pray'd,
By all I found myself betray'd ;
Condemn'd to end my life and woes
In the sea whence fair Venus rose.
To death I was a victim led,
Tears, as I pass'd, by all were shed
With unavailing sorrow all
Lamented my untimely fall ;
When to me Batilus address'd
A letter, which my fate revers'd,
Dear fatal note, which with it brought
Tidings that worse than death I thought !
I almost sunk in endless night,
When words like these first struck my sight :
" Tho' to my love you were not true,
" I'm yet resolv'd to die for you."
'Twas done as said ; my life to save,
My lover plung'd into the wave.
All at his boldness were amaz'd,
They wept, and much his courage prais'd,
Oh death thy aid I then requir'd,
To end my woes alone desir'd :
To follow Batilus I meant,
But cruel friendship would prevent ;
By force kept from the shades below,
I was condemn'd to life and woe.
The curs'd impostor's hellish spight,
Altho' too late, was brought to light ;

He in his turn death underwent,
 I gain not by his punishment.
 Lovely Batilus is no more,
 For me he fought the Stygian shore.
 To you, O judges, I repair,
 Grant to my sighs and tender care
 Such needful aid, such kind relief
 As may but mitigate my grief :
 Grant the youth who resign'd his breath
 The prize he merited by death ;
 'Twill cheer him in the shades below,
 But I shall comfort no more know :
 Then let your generous hearts once more
 Force to this trembling hand restore,
 That on his tomb before your eyes
 It may write, " Athens gives this prize."
 Sobs stopp'd her when she thus had said,
 Ceasing, a flood of tears she shed.
 Compassion touch'd each judge's breast ;
 They first took *Ægle's* side,
 With *Teone* laugh'd at each jest,
 With *Apamis* they cry'd.
 I'm sorry that I cannot find
 To whom the laurel was assign'd.

My friends close by the fire-side seated
 These tales for you I have repeated ;
 I to an antient author owe 'em,
 And hope you will some favour show 'em ;
 You of their merit must decide,
 I by your judgment will abide.

THELEMA

THELEMA and MACAREUS.

THELEMA's lively, all admire
Her charms, but she's too full of fire;
Impatience ever racks her breast,
Her heart a stranger is to rest.
A jocund youth of bulky size
This nymph beheld with tender eyes,
From hers his humour differ'd quite,
Black does not differ more from white.
On his broad face and open mien
There dwelt tranquillity serene;
His converse is from languor free
And boisterous vivacity.
His sleep was sound and sweet at night,
Active he was at morn like light;
As day advanc'd he pleas'd still more,
Macareus was the name he bore.
His mistress void of thought as fair
Tormented him with too much care:
She adoration thought her due,
And into fierce reproaches flew;
Her Macareus with laughter left,
And of all hopes of bliss bereft.
From clime to clime like mad she ran
To seek the dear, the faithless man:
From him she cou'd not live content,
So first of all to court she went.
There she of ev'ry one inquir'd,
Is Macareus with you retir'd?
Hearing that name the wittlings there
To laugh and smile cou'd scarce forbear.
Madam, said they, who is this 'squire
Macareus for whom you inquire?

D 2

Madam,

Madam, his character display,
Or else we sha'n't know what to say.
He is a man, return'd the fair,
Possess'd of each endowment rare,
A man of virtue so refin'd,
He hated none of human kind ;
To whom no man e'er ow'd a spite
Who always knew to reason right,
Who void of care liv'd still at ease,
And knew all human kind to please.
The courtiers answer'd with a sneer,
You are not like to find him here,
Mortals with such endowments rare
But seldom to the court repair :
The fair then to the city bent
Her way, and stopp'd at a convent.
She thought that in that calm retreat
She might her tranquil lover meet.
Madam, then said the under prior,
The man for whom you thus inquire
We long have waited for in vain,
To visit us he ne'er did deign.
But such a loss to compensate,
We've idle time and vigils late ;
We have our stated days of fasting
With discord and divisions lasting.
A short monk then with crown shav'd o'er,
Said, madam, seek this man no more;
For I'm by false reports misled,
Or else your lover's long since dead.
What the monk insolently said
Made Thelema with rage grow red :
Brother, said she, I'd have you know
The man who has caus'd all my woe
Was made for me, and me alone,
He's in this world on which I'm thrown ;

With

With me he'll live and die content,
I'm properly his element :
Who ought else told you on my word
Has said a thing that's most absurd.
This said, away the fair one ran,
Resolv'd to find th' inconstant man.
At Paris, where the wits abound,
Perhaps, said she, he may be found,
The wits speak of him as a sage ;
One of them said, you by our page,
Madam, perhaps have been misled ;
When there of Macareus you read,
We spoke of one we never knew.
Then near she to the palace drew,
Shutting her eyes, quick pass'd the fair,
My love, she cry'd, can't sure be there ;
There's some attractions in a court,
But who'd to this vile place resort ?
Themis' black followers needs must prove
Eternal foes to him I love.
Fair Thelema at Rameau's shrine,
Where the muse utters strains divine,
The man who her so much neglected
There to meet, was what she expected.
At those feasts oft' she was a guest,
Where meet gay people richly dress'd ;
Such people as we all agree
To call the best of company.
People of an address polite,
She look'd upon at the first sight
As perfect copies of her lover ;
But she soon after cou'd discover,
That striving most to appear the same,
They still were widest of their aim.
At last the fair one in despair,
Finding how vain was all her care,

And grown of her inquiries tir'd,
 To her retreat wou'd have retir'd :
 The object which she there first spy'd
 Was Macareus by her bed side ;
 He waited there hid from her eyes,
 That he the fair one might surprize :
 Henceforward, said he, live with me,
 From all inquietude be free,
 Do not, like vain and haughty dames,
 Be too assuming in your claims ;
 And if you wou'd henceforth possess
 My person and my tenderness,
 Never more make demands more high
 Than suits me with them to comply.
 Who's understood by either name,
 Both of the lover and the dame,
 The folks who are profound in Greek
 Cannot be very far to seek.
 Taught by this emblem they'll relate
 What's to be ev'ry mortal's fate,
 Thee Macareus * tho' all men chuse,
 Tho' much they love thee, oft' they lose ;
 And I'm perswaded that you dwell
 With me, tho' this I fear to tell.
 Who boasts that with thee he is blest'd,
 By envy oft' is dispossest'd ;
 A man shou'd know, to make thee sure,
 How to live happy whilst obscure.

* The late Mr. Vadé has done his readers the justice to
 believe that they know, that Macareus is happiness, and
 Thelema desire or will.

A Z O L A N.

AT village liv'd, in days of yore,
 A youth bred in Mohammed's lore;
 His well-turn'd limbs were form'd with grace,
 With blooming beauty glow'd his face;
 His name was Azolan, with care
 The Khoran he had wrote out fair;
 Was on its study ever bent,
 To get it all by heart he meant.
 From the most early youth his breast
 By zeal for Gabriel was possess'd;
 This minister of the most high
 Descended to him from the sky.
 The zeal that in thy bosom glows,
 Said he, thy guardian Gabriel knows:
 To Gabriel gratitude is dear,
 To make your fortune I'm come here;
 You'll in short time as first divine
 Of Medina and Mecca shine;
 This, next to his place who is chief
 Of all who hold the true belief,
 Is the most high and wealthy station
 In holy Mahomet's donation.
 When you your duties once begin,
 Honours on all sides will pour in;
 But you a solemn oath must make
 The whole sex female to forsake;
 To lead a life most chaste, and ne'er
 But thro' a grate to view the fair.
 Too hastily the beauteous boy,
 That he church treasures might enjoy,
 Fell easily into the snare,
 Nor of his folly was aware.

Our new-made imam was elate,
Seeing himself become so great ;
His joy the salary enhanc'd,
Which was immediately advanc'd
By a clerk of important air,
Who with him still went share and share.
No joy can dignity supply,
Nor wealth, shou'd love his aid deny.
Each morning as the day return'd,
The youth, who with love's flames still burn'd,
Being by his curs'd oath enchain'd,
Of his sad slavery complain'd,
Avowing freely in his heart,
That he had play'd a foolish part.
Amina fair by chance he spies,
With youthful bloom and charming eyes ;
He loves Amina, she in turn
For him feels love's flame equal burn.
Then Medina farewell, he cry'd,
Mecca, vain pomp and foolish pride ;
Amina, mistress of my breast,
We'll both live in my village bless'd.
From heav'n th' archangel made descent,
Severely to reproach him bent :
The tender lover thus replies ;
Do but behold my mistress' eyes ;
I find of me you've made a jest,
I'm by your contract quite distress'd ;
With all you gave I'll freely part,
I ask alone Amina's heart.
The prudent and the sacred lore
Of Mahomet I must adore ;
Love's joys he grants to the elect,
Nay he allows 'em to expect
Amina's and eternal love,
In his bright Paradise above.

To heaven again dear Gabriel go,
 My zeal for you shall still o'erflow;
 To the empyreum then repair,
 Without my love I'd not go there.



T H E

O R I G I N of T R A D E S.

WHEN with a skilful hand Prometheus
 made
 A statue that the human form display'd,
 Pandora his own work to wed he chose,
 And from those two the human race arose.
 When first to know herself the fair began,
 She play'd her smile's enchantment upon man;
 By softness and alluring speech she gain'd
 Th' ascendant, and her master soon chain'd;
 Her beauty on Prometheus' sense ne'er pall'd,
 And the first husband was the first enthrall'd.
 The god of war soon saw the new-form'd fair;
 His manly beauty and his martial air,
 His golden casque and all his glitt'ring arms
 Pandora pleas'd, and he enjoy'd her charms.
 When the sea's ruler in his humid court
 Had heard of this intrigue from fame's report,
 The fair he sought, a like reception found,
 Could Neptune fail where Mars a triumph found?
 Day's light-hair'd god from his resplendent height
 Their pleasures saw, and hop'd the same delight;
 She could not to refuse him have the heart,
 Who o'er the day presides and ev'ry art.

Mercury with eloquence declar'd his flame,
 And in his turn he triumph'd o'er the dame.
 Squalid and footy from his forge, at first
 Vulcan was ill receiv'd, and gave disgust;
 But he by importunity obtain'd
 What other gods with so much ease had gain'd.
 Pandora's prime thus wing'd with pleasure flew,
 Then she in languor liv'd, nor wherefore knew.
 She that devotes to love her life's first spring,
 As years increase can do no other thing;
 For e'en to gods inconstancy is known,
 And those who dwell in heav'n to change are
 prone.

Pandora of her favours had been free.
 To gods who left her; happ'ning then to see
 A satyr who thro' plains and meadows stray'd,
 Smit with his mien, she love-advances made;
 To these amours our race existence owes,
 From such amusements all mankind arose;
 Hence those varieties in talents spring,
 In genius, passions, bus'ness, every thing:
 To Vulcan one, to Mars one owes his birth,
 This to a satyr; very few on earth
 Claim any kindred with the god of day,
 Few that celestial origin display.
 From parents each his taste and turn derives:
 But most of all trades now Pandora's thrives;
 The most delightful, tho' least rare it seems,
 And is the trade all Paris most esteems.

BLACK AND THE WHITE.

THE adventure of the youthful Rustan is generally known throughout the whole province of Candahar. He was the only son of a mirza of that country: the title of mirza there is much the same with that of marquis amongst us, or that of baron amongst the Germans. The mirza his father had a handsome fortune. Young Rustan was to be married to a mirzasse, or young lady of his own rank; the two families earnestly desired their union. Rustan was to become the comfort of his parents, to make his wife happy, and to live blest in her possession.

But he had unfortunately seen the princess of Cachemire at the fair of Kaboul, which is the most considerable fair in the world, and much more frequented than those of Bassora and Astracan; the occasion that brought the old prince of Cachemire to the fair with his daughter was as follows:

He had lost the two most precious curiosities of his treasury; one of them was a diamond as thick as a man's thumb, upon which the figure of his daughter was engraved by an art which was then possessed by the Indians and has since been lost; the other was a javelin which went of itself wherever its owner thought proper to send it; this is nothing very extraordinary amongst us, but it was thought so at Cachemire.

A saquir belonging to his highness stole these two curiosities; he carried them to the princess: keep these two curiosities with the utmost care, said he, your destiny depends upon them. Having spoke thus he departed, and was not afterwards seen. The duke of Cachemire in despair resolved to visit the fair of Kaboul, in order to see whether there might not, amongst the merchants who go thither from all the quarters of the world, be some one possessed of his diamond and his weapon. He carried his daughter with him in all his travels. She carried her diamond well fastened to her girdle; but the javelin, which she could not so easily hide, she had carefully locked up at Cachemire in a large chest.

Rustan and she saw each other at Kaboul; they loved one another with all the sincerity of persons of their age, and all the tenderness of affection natural to those of their country. The princess gave Rustan her diamond as a pledge of her love, and he promised at his departure to go incognito to Cachemire, in order to pay her a visit.

The young mirza had two favourites, who served him as secretaries, grooms, stewards, and valets de chambre; the name of one was Topaze; he was handsome, well-shaped, fair as a Circassian beauty, as mild and ready to serve as an Armenian, and as wise as a Guebre. The name of the other was Ebene; he was a very beautiful negro, more active and industrious than Topaze, and one that thought nothing difficult. The young mirza communicated his intention of travelling to these. Topaze endeavoured to dissuade him from it with the circumpect zeal of a servant who was unwilling to offend him; he

represented to him the great danger to which he exposed himself; he asked him how he could leave two families in despair? how he could pierce the hearts of his parents? He shook the resolution of Rustan; but Ebene confirmed it anew, and obviated all his objections.

The young man was not furnished with money to defray the charge of so long a voyage; the prudent Topaze would not have lent him any; Ebene supplied him; he with great address stole his master's diamond, made a false one exactly like it which he put in its place, and pledged the true one to an Armenian for several thousand roupies.

As soon as the marquis was possessed of his roupies, all things were in readiness for his departure; an elephant was loaden with his baggage, his attendants mounted on horse-back. Topaze said to his master, I have taken the liberty to expostulate with you upon your enterprize, but after expostulating, it is my duty to obey; I am devoted to you, I love you, I will follow you to the extremity of the earth; but let us by the way consult the oracle that is but two parasonges distant from here: Rustan consented. The answer returned by the oracle was, "If you go to the east you will be at the west." Rustan could not guess the meaning of this answer. Topaze maintained that it boded no good. Ebene, always complaisant to his master, persuaded him that it was highly favourable.

There was another oracle at Kaboul; they went to it; the oracle of Kaboul made answer in these words, "If you possess, you will cease to possess; if you are conqueror you will not conquer; if you are Rustan, you will cease

"to

“to be so.” This oracle appeared still more unintelligible than the former. Take care of yourself, said Topaze : fear nothing, said Ebene ; and this minister, as may well be imagined, was always thought in the right by his master, whose passions and hopes he encouraged. Having left Kaboul, they passed through a vast forest ; they seated themselves upon the grass, in order to take a repast, and left their horses grazing. The attendants were preparing to unload the elephant which carried the dinner, the table, cloth, plates, &c. when all on a sudden Topaze and Ebene were perceived by the little caravan to be missing. They were called, the forest resounded with the names of Topaze and Ebene ; the lacquies seek them on every side, and fill the forest with their cries ; they return without having seen any thing, and without having received any answer. We have, said they to Rustan, found nothing but a vulture that fought with an eagle, and stript it of all its feathers. The mention of this combat excited the curiosity of Rustan ; he went on foot to the place, he perceived neither vulture nor eagle ; but he saw his elephant, which was still loaden with baggage, attacked by a huge rhinoceros : one struck with its horn, the other with its proboscis. The rhinoceros desisted upon seeing Rustan ; his elephant was brought back, but his horses were not to be found. Strange things happen in forests to travellers, cried Rustan. The servants were in great consternation, and the master in despair, for having at once lost his horses, his dear negro, and the wife Topaze, for whom he still had a friendship, though he always differed from him in opinion.

The

The hopes of being soon at the feet of the beauteous princess of Cachemire consoled the mirza, when he met with a huge streaked ass, which a vigorous two-handed country clown beat with an oaken cudgel. The asses of this sort are extremely beautiful, very scarce, and beyond expression swift in running. The ass returned the reiterated blows of the clown by kicks which might have rooted up an oak. The young mirza, as was reasonable, took upon him the defence of the ass, which was a charming creature. The clown betook himself to flight, crying to the ass, You shall pay for this.

The ass thanked her deliverer in her own language, approached him, let herself be caressed, and caressed him in her turn. After dinner, Rustan mounts her, and takes the road to Cachemire with his servants, who follow him some on foot and some upon the elephant. Scarce was he got upon his ass, when that animal turned towards Kaboul, instead of proceeding to Cachemire. It was to no purpose for her master to turn the bridle, to kick, to press the sides of the beast with his knees, to spur, to slacken the bridle, to pull towards him, to whip both on the right and the left, the obstinate animal persisted to run towards Kaboul.

Rustan sweated, fretted, and raved; when he met with a dealer in camels, who said to him, Master, you have got a very malicious beast, which carries you where you do not chuse to go; if you will give it to me, I will give you the choice of four of my camels. Rustan thanked providence for having thrown so good a bargain in his way. Topaze was very much in the wrong, said he, to tell me that my journey would.

would prove unprosperous. He mounts the handsomest camel, the other three follow; he rejoins his caravan, and sees himself in the road to his happiness.

Scarce had he walked four parasonges, when he was stopped by a deep, broad, and impetuous torrent, which rolled upon rocks white with foam; the two banks were frightful precipices which dazzled the sight and made the blood run cold: to pass was impracticable, it was impossible to go to the right or the left. I am beginning to be afraid, said Rustan, that Topaze was in the right in blaming my journey, and that I was in the wrong in undertaking it; if he was still here he might give me good advice; if I had Ebene with me, he would comfort me and find expedients; but every thing fails me. This perplexity was increased by the consternation of his attendants: the night was dark, and they passed it in lamentations. At last fatigue and dejection made the amorous traveller fall asleep. He awakes at day-break, and sees a beautiful marble bridge built upon the torrent, which reached from shore to shore.

Nothing was heard but exclamations, cries of astonishment, and joy. Is it possible? Is this a dream? What a prodigy is this! What an enchantment! Shall we venture to pass? The whole company kneeled, rose up, went to the bridge, kissed the ground, looked up to heaven, stretched out their hands, set their feet on it with trembling, went to and fro, fell into ecstasies; and Rustan said, At last heaven favours me, Topaze did not know what he was saying, oracles were favourable to me, Ebene was in the right, but why is he not here?

Scarce

Scarce had the company got beyond the torrent, when the bridge sunk into the water with a prodigious noise. So much the better, so much the better, cried Rustan, praised be God, blessed be heaven ; it would not have me return to my country, where I should be nothing more than a gentleman ; the intention of heaven is that I should wed her I love ; I shall become prince of Cachemire ; thus in “possessing” my mistress I shall cease to “possess” my little marquise at Candahar. “I shall be Rustan, and I shall “not be Rustan”, because I shall become a great prince : thus is a great part of the oracle clearly explained in my favour, the rest will be explained in the same manner, I am too happy : but why is not Ebene with me ? I regret him a thousand times more than Topaze.

He proceeded a few parasonges farther with the greatest alacrity imaginable ; but at the close of day, a chain of mountains, more rugged than a counterscarp, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been if it had been finished, stopped the passage of the caravan, which was seized with dread.

All the company cried out, it is the will of God that we perish here ; he broke the bridge merely to take from us all hopes of returning ; he raised the mountain for no other reason but to deprive us of all means of advancing. Oh Rustan, oh unhappy marquis ! we shall never see Cachemire, we shall never return to the land of Candahar.

The most poignant anguish, the most insupportable dejection, succeeded in the soul of Rustan to the immoderate joy which he had felt, to the hopes with which he had intoxicated himself.

self. He was by no means disposed to interpret the prophecies in his favour. Oh heavens! oh God of my fathers! said he, must I then lose my friend Topaze?

As he pronounced these words, fetching deep sighs and shedding tears in the midst of his disconsolate followers, the basis of the mountain opens, a long gallery appears to the dazzled eyes in a vault lighted with a hundred thousand torches; Rustan immediately begins to lament, and his people to throw themselves upon their knees, and to fall upon their backs in astonishment, and cry out, a miracle! and say, Rustan is the favourite of Witnow, the well-beloved of Brama; he will become the master of mankind. Rustan believed it, he was quite beside himself, he was raised above himself. Alas, Ebene, said he, my dear Ebene, where are you? Why are you not witness of all these wonders? How did I lose you? Beauteous princess of Cachemire, when shall I again behold your charms?

He advances with his attendants, his elephants, and his camels, under the hollow of the mountain, at the end of which he enters into a meadow enamelled with flowers and encompassed with rivulets; at the extremity of the meadows are walks of trees to the end of which the eye cannot reach, and at the end of these alleys is a river, on the sides of which are a thousand pleasure-houses with delicious gardens. He every where hears concerts of vocal and instrumental music, he sees dances; he makes haste to go upon one of the bridges of the river; he asks the first man he meets, what fine country that is.

He

He whom he addressed himself to answered, You are in the province of Cachemire; you see the inhabitants immersed in joy and pleasures; we celebrate the marriage of our beauteous princess, who is going to be married to the lord Barbabou, to whom his father promised her; may God perpetuate their felicity! At these words Rustan fainted away, and the Cachemirian lord thought he was troubled with the falling sickness; he caused him to be carried to his house, where he remained a long time insensible. He sent in search of the two most able physicians in that part of the country: they felt the patient's pulse, who having somewhat recovered his spirits, sobbed, rolled his eyes, and cried from time to time, Topaze, Topaze, you were entirely in the right!

One of the two physicians said to the Cachemirian lord, I perceive by this young man's accent, that he is from Candahar, and that the air of this country is hurtful to him; he must be sent home: I perceive by his eyes that he has lost his senses; entrust me with him, I will carry him back to his own country, and cure him. The other physician maintained, that grief was his only disorder; and that it was proper to carry him to the wedding of the princess, and make him dance. Whilst they were in consultation, the patient recovered his health; the two physicians were dismissed, and Rustan remained alone with his host.

My lord, said he, I ask your pardon for having been so free as to faint in your presence; I know it to be a breach of politeness; I intreat you to accept of my elephant, as an acknowledgment of the kindness you have shewed me.

He

He then related to him all his adventure, taking particular care to conceal from him the occasion of his journey. But, in the name of Witsnow and Bramia, said he to him, tell me who is this happy Barbabou, who is to marry the princess of Cachemire; why has her father chosen him for his son-in-law, and why has the princess accepted of him for an husband?

Sir, answered the Cachemirian, the princess has by no means accepted of Barbabou; she is, on the contrary, in tears, whilst the whole province joyfully celebrates her marriage: she has shut herself up in a tower of her palace; she does not chuse to see any of the rejoicings made upon the occasion. Rustan, at hearing this, perceived himself revive; the bloom of his complexion, which grief had caused to fade, appeared again upon his countenance. Tell me, I intreat you, continued he, why the prince of Cachemire is obstinately bent upon giving his daughter to a Barbabou whom she does not like?

This is the fact, answered the Cachemirian: Do you know that our august prince lost a large diamond and a javelin which he had a great value for? Ah! I very well know that, said Rustan. Know then, said his host, that our prince being in despair at not having heard of his two precious curiosities, after having caused them to be sought for all over the world, promised his daughter to whoever should bring him either the one or the other: a lord Barbabou came, who had got the diamond, and he is to marry the princess to-morrow.

Rustan turned pale, stammered out a compliment, took his leave of his host, and galloped upon

upon his dromedary to the capital city, where the ceremony was performed. He arrives at the palace of the prince, he tells him he has something of importance to communicate to him, he demands an audience; he is told that the prince is taken up with the preparations for the wedding. It is for that very reason, said he, that I am desirous of speaking to him: such is his importunity, that he is at last admitted. Prince, said he, may God crown all your days with glory and magnificence! your son-in-law is a knave.

What, a knave! how dare you speak in such terms? Is that a proper way of speaking to a duke of Cachemire of a son-in-law whom he has made choice of? Yes, he is a knave, continued Rustan; and to prove it to your highness, I have brought you back your diamond.

The duke, surprized at what he heard, compared the two diamonds; and as he was no judge of precious stones, he could not determine which was the true one. Here are two diamonds, said he, and I have but one daughter; I am in a strange perplexity.

He sent for Barbabou, and asked him if he had not imposed upon him. Barbabou swore he had bought his diamond from an Armenian; the other did not tell him who he had his from; but he proposed an expedient, which was, that his highness would please to permit him to engage his rival in single combat. It is not enough for your son-in-law to give a diamond, said he, he should also give proofs of valour. Do not you think it just that he who kills his rival should marry the princess. Undoubtedly, answered the prince, it will be a fine sight for the

court ; fight directly : the conqueror shall take the arms of the conquered, according to the customs of Cachemire, and he shall marry my daughter.

The two pretenders to the princess immediately go down into the court. Upon the stairs there was a pie and a raven ; the raven cried, fight, fight ; the pie cried, don't fight. This made the prince laugh ; the two rivals scarce took any notice of it ; they begin the combat ; all the courtiers made a circle round them. The princess, who kept herself constantly shut up in her tower, did not chuse to behold this fight ; she never dreamt of her lover's being at Cachemire, and she hated Barbabou to such a degree, that she could not bear the sight of him. The combat had the happiest event imaginable ; Barbabou was killed outright ; and this greatly rejoiced the people, because he was ugly, and Rustan was very handsome ; the favour of the public is almost always determined by this circumstance.

The conqueror put on the coat of mail, the scarf, and the casque of the conquered, and came, followed by the whole court, to present himself under the windows of his mistress. The multitude cried aloud, Beautiful princess, come and see your handsome lover, who has killed his ugly rival. These words were re-echoed by her women. The princess unluckily looked out of the window, and seeing the armour of a man she hated, she ran like one frantic to her strong box, and took out the fatal javelin, which flew to pierce Rustan, notwithstanding his cuirass ; he cried out loudly, and at this cry the princess

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thought

thought she again knew the voice of her unhappy lover.

She ran down stairs, with her hair dishevelled, and death in her eyes as well as her heart. Rustan had already fallen, all bloody, into the arms of his father: she sees him. Oh moment! oh sight! oh! discovery of inexpressible grief, tenderness, and horror. She throws herself upon him, and embraces him: You receive, said she, the first and last kisses of your mistress and your murderer. She pulls the dart from the wound, plunges it in her heart, and dies upon the body of the lover whom she adores. The father, terrified, in despair, and ready to die like his his daughter, tries in vain to bring her to life; she was no more: he curses the fatal dart, breaks it to pieces, throws away the two fatal diamonds; and whilst he prepared the funeral of his daughter, instead of her marriage, he caused Rustan, who weltered in his blood, and had still some remains of life, to be carried to his palace.

He was put into bed: the first objects he saw on each side of his death-bed were Topaze and Ebene. This surprize made him in some degree recover his strength. Cruel men, said he, why did you abandon me? Perhaps the princess would still be alive if you had been with the unhappy Rustan. I have not forsaken you a moment, said Topaze: I have been always with you, said Ebene. Ah, what do you say? why do you insult me in my last moments, answered Rustan with a languishing voice? You may believe me, said Topaze; you know I never approved of this fatal journey, the dreadful consequences of which I foresaw: I was the eagle that fought with the vulture and stript it
of

of its feathers; I was the elephant that carried away the baggage, in order to force you to return to your own country; I was the streaked ass that carried you, whether you would or no, to your father; it was I that made your horses go astray; it was I that caused the torrent that prevented your passage; it was I that raised the mountain which stopped up a road so fatal to you: I was the physician that advised you to return to your own country; I was the pie that cried out to you not to fight.

And I, said Ebene, was the vulture that he stripped of his feathers, the rhinoceros who gave him a hundred strokes with my horn, the clown that beat the streaked ass, the merchant who made you a present of camels to hasten to your destruction; I dug the cavern that you crossed, I am the physician that encouraged you to walk, the raven that cried out to you to combat.

Alas! said Topaze, "Remember the oracles, "If you go to the east you will be at the west." Yes, said Ebene, here the dead are buried with their faces turned to the west: the oracle was plain enough, though you did not understand it. "You possessed and you did not possess;" for you had the diamond, but it was a false one, though you did not know it. "You are conqueror and you die, you are Rustan and you cease to be so;" all has been accomplished. Whilst he spoke thus, four white wings covered the body of Topaze, and four black wings that of Ebene. What do I see! cried Rustan. Topaze and Ebene answered together, You see your two geniuses. Good gentlemen, cried the unhappy Rustan, how came you to meddle? and what occasion had a poor man for two geniuses?

niuses? It is a law, answered Topaze; every man has two geniuses: Plato was the first man that said so, and others have repeated it after him; you see that nothing can be more true: I, who now speak to you, am your good genius; I was charged to watch over you to the last moment of your life; of this task I have faithfully acquitted myself.

But, said the dying man, if your business was to serve me, I am of a nature much superior to yours; and then how can you have the assurance to say you are my good genius, since you have suffered me to be deceived in every thing I have undertaken, and since you suffer both my mistress and I to die miserably? Alas! said Topaze, it was your destiny. If destiny does all, answered the dying man, what is a genius good for? And you, Ebene, with your four black wings, you are doubtless my evil genius. You have hit it, answered Ebene. Then I suppose you were the evil genius of my princess likewise, said Rustan. No, replied Ebene, she had an evil genius of her own, and I seconded him perfectly. Ah, curst Ebene, said Rustan, if you are so malicious, you don't belong to the same master with Topaze: you have been formed by two different principles, one of which is by nature good, the other evil. That does not follow, said Ebene, this is a very knotty point. It is not possible, answered the dying man, that a benevolent being could create so destructive a genius. Possible or not possible, replied the genius, the thing is just as I say. Alas, said Topaze, my poor unfortunate friend, don't you see that that rogue is so malicious as to encourage you to dispute, in order to inflame

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your blood and hasten your death? Get you gone, said the melancholy Rustan, I am not much better satisfied with you than with him: he at least acknowledges that it was his intention to hurt me; and you, who pretended to defend me, have done me no service at all. I am very sorry for it, said the good genius. And I too, said the dying man, there is something at the bottom of this which I cannot comprehend. Nor I neither, said the poor genius. I shall know the truth of the matter in a moment, said Rustan. We shall see that, said Topaze. The whole scene then vanished. Rustan again found himself in the house of his father, which he had not quitted, and in his bed, where he had slept an hour.

He awakes in astonishment, sweating all over, and quite wild; he rubs himself, he calls, he rings the bell. His valet-de-chambre, Topaze, runs in, in his night-cap, and yawning. Am I dead or alive, cried out Rustan? Shall the beauteous princess of Cachemire escape? Does your lordship rave, answered Topaze coldly.

Ah, cried Rustan, what then is become of this barbarous Ebene, with his four black wings? It is he that makes me die by so cruel a death. My lord, answered Topaze, I left him snoring above stairs, would you have me bid him come down? The villain, said Rustan, has persecuted me for six months together; it was he carried me to the fatal fair of Kaboul; it is he that cheated me of the diamond with which the princess presented me; he is the sole cause of my journey, of the death of my princess, and of the wound with a javelin of which I die in the flower of my age.

Take

Take heart, said Topaze, you were never at Kaboul; there is no princess of Cachemire; her father never had any children but two boys, who are now at college: you never had a diamond: the princess cannot be dead, because she is not born; and you are perfectly well in health.

What, is it not then true that you attended me whilst dying, and in the bed of the prince of Cachemire? Did you not acknowledge to me, that, in order to preserve me from so many dangers, you were an eagle, an elephant, a streaked ass, a physician, and a pie? My lord, you have dreamt all this, answered Topaze; our ideas are no more of our own creating whilst we are asleep than whilst we are awake: God has thought proper that this train of ideas should pass in your head, most probably to convey some instruction to you, of which you may make a good use.

You make a jest of me, replied Rustan, how long have I slept? My lord, said Topaze, you have not yet slept an hour. Curst reasoner, returned Rustan, how is it possible that I could be, in the space of an hour, at the fair of Kaboul six months ago, that I could have returned from thence, have travelled to Cachemire, and that Barbabou, the princess and I, should have died? My lord, said Topaze, nothing can be more easy and more common, and you might have travelled round the world, and have met with a great many more adventures in much less time.

Is it not true that you can, in an hour's time, read the abridgment of the Persian history, written by Zoroaster? yet this abridgment con-

tains eight hundred thousand years. All these events pass before your eyes one after another, in an hour's time. Now you must acknowledge, that it is as easy to Brama to confine them to the space of an hour, as to extend them to the space of eight hundred thousand years; it is exactly the same thing. Imagine to yourself that time turns upon a wheel whose diameter is infinite. Under this vast wheel is a numerous multitude of wheels one within another; that in the center is imperceptible, and goes round an infinite number of times, whilst the great wheel performs but one revolution. It is evident, that all the events which have happened from the beginning of the world, to its end, might have happened in much less time than the hundred thousandth part of a second; and one may even go so far as to assert that the thing is so.

I cannot comprehend all this, said Rustan. If you want information, said Topaze, I have a parrot that will easily explain it to you. He was born some time before the deluge; he has been in the ark; he has seen a great deal; yet he is but a year and a half old: he will relate to you his history, which is extremely interesting.

Go fetch your parrot, said Rustan, it will amuse me till I again find myself disposed to sleep. It is with my sister, the nun, said Topaze, I will go and fetch it; it will please you; its memory is faithful, it relates in a simple manner, without endeavouring to shew wit at every turn. So much the better, said Rustan, I like that manner of telling stories. The parrot being brought to him, spoke in this manner: —

N. B. Mademoiselle Catherine Vadé could never find the history of the parrot in the common-

mon-place book of her late cousin Anthony Vadé, author of that tale : this is a great misfortune, considering what age that parrot lived in.



JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY persons worthy of credit have seen Jeannot and Colin at school, in the town of Issoire, in Auvergne, a town famous all over the world for its college and its caldrons. Jeannot was the son of a dealer in mules of great reputation ; and Colin owed his birth to a good substantial farmer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the land with four mules ; and who, after he had paid all taxes and duties at the rate of a sol per pound, was not very rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very handsome, considering they were natives of Auvergne : they highly loved each other ; and they had little secret connexions, certain little familiarities, of such a nature as men always recollect with pleasure, when they afterwards meet in the world.

Their studies were very nigh finished, when a taylor brought Jeannot a velvet suit of three colours, with a waistcoat of Lyons, which was extremely well fancied : with these came a letter addressed to Mons. de la Jeannotiere. Colin admired the coat, and was not at all jealous ; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority, which gave Colin some uneasiness. From that moment

Jeannot abandoned his studies; he contemplated himself in a glass, and despised all mankind. Soon after, a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, and brings a second letter to the marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from his father, by which he was desired to repair directly to him at Paris. Jeannot got into his chaise, giving his hand to Colin with a smile, which denoted the superiority of a patron. Colin felt his littleness, and wept. Jeannot departed in all the pomp of his glory.

Such readers as take a pleasure in being instructed should be informed, that Mons. Jeannot the father, had, with great rapidity, acquired an immense fortune by business. You will ask how such great fortunes are made? My answer is, by luck. Mons. Jeannot had a good person, so had his wife; and she had still some freshness remaining. They went to Paris on account of a law-suit, which ruined them; when fortune, which raises and depresses men at her pleasure, presented them to the wife of an undertaker belonging to one of the hospitals for the army, a man of great talents, who might make it his boast, that he had killed more soldiers in a year than cannons destroy in ten. Jeannot pleased the wife; the wife of Jeannot pleased the undertaker. Jeannot was soon employed in the undertaker's business; this introduced him to other business. When our boat runs with wind and stream, we have nothing to do but let it sail on; we then make an immense fortune with ease: the poor creatures who from the shore see you pursue your voyage with full sail, stare with astonishment; they cannot conceive to what you owe your success; they envy you at random,

random, and write pamphlets against you which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who soon became *Mons. de la Jeannotiere*; and who having purchased a marquisate in six months time, took the young marquis his son from school, in order to introduce him to the polite world at Paris.

Colin, whose heart was replete with tenderness, wrote a letter of compliments to his old companion, and congratulated him on his good fortune. The little marquis wrote him no answer. Colin was so much afflicted at this, that he was taken ill.

The father and mother immediately consigned the young marquis to the care of a governor: this governor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, was not able to teach his pupil any thing. The marquis would have had his son learn Latin; this his lady was against. They hereupon referred the matter to the judgment of an author, who had at that time acquired great reputation by his entertaining performances. He was invited to dinner. The master of the house immediately addressed him thus: "Sir, as you understand Latin, and are a man acquainted with the court." — "I understand Latin! I don't know one word of it, answered the wit; and I think myself the better for being unacquainted with it: it is very evident that a man speaks his own language in greater perfection when he does not divide his application between it and foreign languages. Only consider our ladies; they have a much more agreeable turn of wit than the men; their letters are written with a hundred times the
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grace of ours : this superiority they owe to nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"Well, was I not in the right? said the lady: I would have my son prove a notable man, I would have him succeed in the world; and you see that if he was to understand Latin he would be ruined. Pray, are plays and operas performed in Latin? do lawyers plead in Latin? do men court a mistress in Latin?" The marquis, dazzled by these reasons, gave up the point; and it was resolved, that the young marquis should not mispend his time in endeavouring to become acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. "Then what shall he learn? for he must know something; might not one teach him a little geography?" said the father. "Of what use will that be? answered the governor: when the marquis goes to his estate, won't the postillion know the roads? they certainly will not carry him out of his way: there is no occasion for a quadrant to travel thither; and one can go very commodiously from Paris to Auvergne without knowing what latitude one is in."

"You are in the right, replied the father: but I have heard of a fine science called astronomy, if I am not mistaken." "Bless me! said the governor, do people regulate their conduct by the influence of the stars in this world? and must the young gentleman perplex himself with the calculation of an eclipse, when he finds it ready calculated to his hand in an almanac, which, at the same time, teaches him the moveable feasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe?"

The lady agreed perfectly with the governor; the little marquis was transported with joy; the
father

father remained undetermined. "What then is my son to learn?" said he. "To become amiable, answered the friend who was consulted; and if he knows how to please, he will know all that need be known; this art he will learn in the company of his mother, without either he or she being at any trouble.

The lady, upon hearing this, embraced the ignorant flatterer, and said, "It is easy to see, Sir, that you are the most knowing man in the world; my son will be entirely indebted to you for his education: I think, however, it would not be amiss if he was to know something of history." "Alas, madam, what is that good for, answered he; there certainly is no useful or entertaining history but the history of the day: all antient histories, as one of our wits has observed, are only fables that men have agreed to admit as true: with regard to modern history, it is a meer chaos, a confusion which it is impossible to make any thing of. Of what consequence is it to the young marquis your son, to know that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor flattered?"

"Admirably said, cried the governor; the genius of young persons is smothered under a heap of useless knowledge: but of all sciences, the most absurd, and that which, in my opinion, is most calculated to stifle genius of every kind, is geometry. The objects about which this ridiculous science is conversant, are surfaces, lines, and points, that have no existence in nature: by the force of imagination, the geometrician makes a hundred thousand curve lines pass between a circle and a right line that touches it,

when, in reality, there is not room for a straw to pass there. Geometry, if we consider it in its true light, is a meer jest, and nothing more."

The marquis and his lady did not well understand the governor's meaning, yet they were entirely of his opinion.

"A man of quality, like the young marquis, continued he, should not rack his brains with useless sciences. If he one day should have occasion for a sublime geometry, to take a plan of the lands of his estate, he may get them surveyed for money: if he has a mind to trace the antiquity of his noble family, which leads the inquirer back to the most remote ages, he will send for a Benedictine: it will be the same thing with regard to all other arts. A young man of quality, endowed with a happy genius, is neither a painter, a musician, an architect, nor a graver; but he makes all these arts flourish, by generously encouraging them: it is, doubtless, better to patronize than to practise them: it is enough for the young marquis to have a taste; it is the business of artists to exert themselves for him; and it is in this sense that it is said, very justly, of people of quality (I mean those that are very rich) that they know all things, without having learnt any thing; for they, in fact, come at last to know how to form a judgment concerning whatever they order or pay for."

The ignorant man of fashion then spoke to this purpose: "You have very justly observed, madam, that the grand end which a man should have in view is to succeed in the world: can it possibly be said that this success is to be obtained by cultivating the sciences? did any body ever so
much

much as think of talking of geometry in good company? does any one ever inquire of a man of the world, what star rises with the sun? who enquires at supper, whether the long-haired Clodio passed the Rhine? No, doubtless, cried the marchioness, whom her charms had, in some measure, initiated in the polite world; and my son should not extinguish his genius by the study of all this stuff. But what is he, after all, to learn? for it is proper that a young person of quality should know how to shine upon an occasion, as my husband observes.—I remember to have heard an abbé say, that the most delightful of all the sciences, is something that begins with a *B*". "With a *B*, madam? is it not botany you mean?" "No, it was not botany he spoke of; the name of the science he mentioned began with *B*, and ended with *on*". "Oh, I take you, madam, said the man of fashion; it is *Blason* you mean; it is indeed a profound science; but it is no longer in fashion, since the people of quality have ceased to cause their arms to be painted upon the doors of their coaches; it was once the most useful thing in the world, in a well regulated state. Besides, this study would be endless; now a-days there's hardly a barber that has not his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common is but little esteemed." In fine, after they had examined the excellencies and defects of all the sciences, it was determined that the young marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does all, had given him a talent that quickly displayed itself surprisingly; it was that of singing ballads agreeably. The graces of youth, joined to this superior gift,

caused him to be looked upon as a young man of the brightest hopes. He was beloved by the women ; and having his head full of songs, he composed some for his mistress. He stole from the song " Bacchus and Love " in one ballad ; from that of " Night and day " in another ; from that of " Charms and alarms " in a third. But as there were always in his verses some superfluous feet, or not enough, he had them corrected for twenty Lewis-d'ors a song ; and in the annals of literature he was put upon a level with the La Fares, Chaulieus, Hamiltons, Sarrazins, and Voitures.

The marchioness then looked upon herself as the mother of a wit, and gave a supper to the wits of Paris. The young man's brain was soon turned ; he acquired the art of speaking without knowing his own meaning, and he became perfect in the habit of being good for nothing. When his father found he was so eloquent, he very much regretted that his son had not learned Latin ; for he would have bought him a lucrative place among the gentry of the long robe. The mother, who had more elevated sentiments, undertook to procure a regiment for her son ; and in the mean time, courtship was his occupation. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment. He was extremely profuse, whilst his parents exhausted their finances still more, by living like people of the first quality.

A young widow of quality, their neighbour, who had but a moderate fortune, had an inclination to secure the great wealth of mons. and madame de la Jeannotiere, by appropriating it to herself, by the means of a marriage with the young marquis. She allured him to visit her ;
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she admitted his addresses; she shewed that she was not indifferent to him; she led him on by degrees; she enchanted and captivated him without much difficulty: sometimes she lavished praises upon him, sometimes she gave him advice; she became the most intimate friend both of the father and mother. An elderly lady, who was their neighbour, proposed the match. The parents, dazzled by the glory of such an alliance, accepted the proposal with joy. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was upon the point of marrying a woman whom he adored, and by whom he was beloved; the friends of the family congratulated them, the marriage articles were just going to be drawn up, whilst wedding clothes were making for the young couple, and their epithalamium composing.

The young marquis was one day upon his knees before his charming mistress, whom love, esteem, and friendship were going to make his own; in a tender and spirited conversation, they enjoyed a foretaste of their happiness; they concerted measures to lead a happy life: when all on a sudden a valet-de-chambre belonging to the old marchioness, arrives in a great fright. "Here's sad news, said he; officers remove the effects of my master and mistress; the creditors have seized upon all, by virtue of an execution; and I am obliged to make the best shift I can to have my wages paid." "Let's see, said the marquis, what's this? what can this adventure mean?" "Go, said the widow, go quickly, and punish those villains." He runs, he arrives at the house; his father was already in prison: all the servants had fled different ways, each
car-

carrying off whatever he could lay his hands upon. His mother was alone, without assistance, without comfort, drowned in tears; she had nothing left but the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, her faults, and her extravagant expences.

After the son had wept a long time with his mother, he at length said to her: "Let us not give ourselves up to despair; this young widow loves me to excess; she is more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He returns to his mistress, and finds her in company with a very amiable young officer. "What is it you, Mr. de la Jeannotiere, said she; what business have you here?" "Is it proper to forsake one's mother in such a manner?" "Go to that poor, unfortunate woman, and tell her that I still wish her well: I have occasion for a chamber-maid, and will give her the preference." "My lad, said the officer, you are well shaped; if you are willing to list in my company, you may depend upon good usage."

The marquis, thunderstruck, and with a heart enraged, went in quest of his old governor, made him acquainted with his misfortune, and asked his advice. The governor proposed to him to become a tutor, like himself. "Alas! said the marquis, I know nothing, you have taught me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortunes;" he sobb'd when he spoke thus. "Write romances, said a wit who was present; it is an admirable resource at Paris."

The young man, in greater despair than ever, ran to his mother's confessor; he was a Theatin of great reputation, who directed the consciences

only of women of the first rank. As soon as he saw him, he ran up to him, "My God, Mr. marquis, where is your coach? said he: how is the good lady your mother." The poor unfortunate young man gave him an account of what had befallen his family. In proportion as he explained himself, the Theatin assumed an air more grave, more indifferent, and more distant. "My son, said he, it is the will of God that you should be reduced to this condition; riches serve only to corrupt the heart; God, in his great mercy, has then reduced your mother to beggary." "Yes, Sir," answered the marquis. "So much the better, said the confessor; her election is the more sure." "But father, said the marquis, is there in the mean time no hopes of some assistance in this world?" "Farewel, my son, said the confessor; a court lady is waiting for me."

The marquis was almost ready to faint; he met with much the same treatment from all; and acquired more knowledge of the world in half a day than he had done in all the rest of his life.

Being quite overwhelmed with despair, he saw an old-fashioned chaise advance, which resembled an open waggon with leather curtains; it was followed by four enormous carts which were loaded. In the chaise there was a young man, dressed in the rustic manner; he had a round, fresh countenance, replete with sweetness and gaiety. His wife, a little woman of a brown complexion, and an agreeable figure, though somewhat fat, sat close by him: the carriage did not move on like the chaise of a *petit-maitre*; the traveller had time sufficient to
con-

contemplate the marquis, who was motionless, and immersed in sorrow. "Good God, cried he, I think that is Jeannot." Upon hearing this name, the marquis lifts up his eyes, the carriage stops, and the marquis cries out, "'Tis Jeannot, 'tis Jeannot himself." The little fat bumpkin gives but one spring from his carriage, and runs to embrace his old companion. Jeannot recollected his friend Colin; shame and tears overspread his countenance. "You have abandoned me, said Colin; but, though you are a great man, I will love you for ever." Jeannot, confused and affected, with sobs related to him a great part of his history. "Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the rest of it, said Colin; embrace my wife here, and let us go and dine together."

They walk all three on foot, followed by their baggage. "What's all this train, said Jeannot; does it belong to you?" "Yes, answered Colin, it all belongs to me and to my wife: we are just come from the country; I am at the head of a good manufacture of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a merchant well provided with all utensils necessary to the great as well as the little: we work a great deal; God blesses us; we have not changed our condition; we are happy; we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be no longer a marquis; all the grandeur in the world is not to be compared to a good friend. You shall return with me to the country; I will teach you the trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the remote corner where we were born."

Jeannot,

Jeannot, quite transported, felt emotions of grief and joy, tenderness and shame; and he said within himself, "My fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, is the only one who comes to relieve me." What instruction is this! Colin's goodness of heart causes the seeds of a virtuous disposition, which the world had not quite stifled in Jeannot, to sprout up: he was sensible that he could not forsake his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother, said Colin; and as to the good man your father, who is in jail, I know something of business; his creditors, seeing he has nothing, will compromise matters for a trifle; I take the whole affair upon myself." Colin found means to procure the father's enlargement: Jeannot returned to the country with his relations, who resumed their former way of life: he married a sister of Colin, who, being of the same temper with her brother, made him completely happy. Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, were thus convinced that happiness is not the result of vanity.



CANTO of an EPIC POEM,

Composed by JEROME CARRE.

Found amongst his Papers after his Decease.

KING Charles was born to undergo,
Thro' ev'ry stage of life, much woe;
To education nought he ow'd;
Small care was on his youth bestow'd;

Bur

* Burgundy's duke, in broils and strife
 Involv'd him in the prime of life ;
 A lawyer at † Gones would fain
 Have wrought his ruin by chicane :
 Before a court a crier call'd him ‡ ;
 An English chief in battle maul'd him :
 He wander'd much, and, like poor sinner,
 Oft miss'd a mass, and oft a dinner ;
 Not long in the same place he stay'd ;
 By || mother, uncle, friends betray'd,
 And by his mistress : thus unfriended
 Was the poor king, and unattended.
 His Agnes' heart an English page
 Found means to share as to engage :
 A forcerer dire, nam'd Conculix,
 By hell inspir'd, with magic tricks
 His head quite topsy-turvy turn'd ;
 By destiny he long was spurn'd ;
 Hardships to bear was his sad case ;
 To bear them well God gave him grace.
 The troop of lovers, proud and gay,
 Took distant from that tower its way,
 Where Conculix disturb'd the brain
 Of Agnes, Bonneau, and their train.

* The Duke of Burgundy, who assassinated the Duke of Orleans ; but the good king Charles paid him well for it at the bridge of Montereau.

† Gones, a village near Paris, famous all over the world for its bakers, and for many battles ; but, above all, for the best cloth manufactured then in France.

‡ Charles VII. was cited before the marble table.

|| His own mother, Isabella of Bavaria, was his greatest persecutor. She promoted the treaty of Troyes, by which her son-in-law, Henry V. king of England, obtained the crown of France.

They

They march'd along that forest wild,
Which now of Orleans is stil'd.
The spouse of Titan, queen of night,
Rising scarce streak'd the shades with light ;
Soldiers they saw on distant ground,
With doublets short and bonnets round ;
Upon their corslets bright combin'd
Leopards and flower-de-luces * shin'd.
The monarch halted when he spy'd
The cohort thro' the forest ride ;
Dunois and Joan some space before
Advance, the matter to explore.
Agnes her arms, as lilies white,
Extending, urg'd the king to flight ;
But virtuous Joan, who straight drew nigh,
On captives chain'd soon cast her eye ;
With downcast eyes the earth they view'd,
Each face sad consternation shew'd :
Alas, said she, it plain appears,
That these are captive cavaliers ;
The voice of duty now commands
From fetters to unloose their hands :
Let's fall on, Bastard, undismay'd ;
You're Dunois, I am Orleans' maid.
This said, they fell with rested lance
On those who with the chiefs advance ;
So fierce were Dunois and the maid,
Such fury too the as display'd,
That all those warriors, fill'd with fright,
Nimbly betook themselves to flight.
Joan then, transported with delight,
Accosted thus each fetter'd knight :
Knights, who the chains of England wore,
Thanks to the king, you're slaves no more ;

• The arms of England.

Now follow him where'er he goes,
And wreak just vengeance on his foes.
Altho' this was propos'd with grace,
Distrust still sat on each knight's face ;
My readers with impatience glow
Who were these doughty knights to know.
These knights were blades in Paris known
For deeds they would not chuse to own,
Who were condemn'd to plow the seas,
Which might by all be seen with ease.
The king this seeing, deeply sigh'd ;
These stab me to the heart, he cry'd.
Do here the English empire claim,
Are then decrees made in their name ?
The mass is only said for them ;
They can my subjects now condemn.
The king came, by compassion led,
To him who seem'd the band to head.
No felon's air could eyes shock more ;
His beard a pointed chin curl'd o'er,
With strange distortion roll'd his eyes
Replete, more than his mouth with lies,
They squinted ever on the ground ;
His eye-brows red most sternly frown'd ;
There sat imposture, leagu'd with fraud ;
Boldness dwelt on his forehead broad,
Contempt of all remorse and laws,
His teeth still gnash'd, and foam'd his jaws.
Seeing his prince, the knave took care
T'assume an humble, contrite air,
And fram'd into some shew of grace
The features of his shocking face.
The mastiff impudent and sour,
Hoarse-throated, eager to devour,
Thus fawns when he his master spies,
Licks both his hands, and crouching lies ;

Grows

Grows mild, although by nature rude,
 And humbly cringes for his food.
 Or satan has been painted so,
 When just 'scap'd from the realms below ;
 He paws and tail hides from the eyes,
 And in an anchorite's disguise,
 Like lecherous monk in secret goes,
 Sister discreet to tempt, or Rose.
 The king of France, by such grimace
 Impos'd on, pity'd much his case,
 And thinking him by fraud oppress'd,
 Words of encouragement address'd.
 What is your trade, said he, and name ?
 Say for what deed deserving blame
 Severe tribunals thus ordain
 That you shou'd plough the angry main ?
 The man condemn'd, with mournful tone,
 Reply'd, great Sir, my name's Frelon* ;
 Nantz is the famous city, where
 These lips first breath'd the vital air ;
 No mortal e'er lov'd Jesus more,
 Some time the dress of monks I wore ;
 My morals are as pure as theirs ;
 The pettiest boys had all my cares ;
 Urg'd by the love of honest praise,
 To virtue I consign'd my days ;

* According to the chronicles of that age, there was a fellow of the name of Frelon, who wrote pamphlets and lampoons. He played some pranks, for which he was frequently confined in the Chatelet, at Bissetre, and at Fort l'Eveque. He had been for some time a monk, and had been expelled the convent. Many celebrated authors have done him justice. He was a native of Nantz ; and at Paris carried on the trade of satirical gazetteer. See Froissart's Chronicle.

Genius at Paris I display'd,
 Fam'd in the author's noble trade;
 Dearly L—— my writings bought,
 Great I at Place-Maubert am thought;
 There justice never was refus'd me,
 Tho' authors often have abus'd me:
 But impious malice oft' wou'd hit me,
 And with the cloysters vices twit me;
 The world's and many cheats beside,
 But I'm by conscience justify'd.
 The king, when this account he hears,
 Cries, Henceforth lay aside your fears;
 And say are all now bound like you
 To Marseilles, valiant men and true?
 Oh, royal Sir, Frelon reply'd,
 In all these men you may confide;
 All were alike by nature fram'd,
 This abbé next me, Guignon† nam'd,
 Is, tho' he otherwise might seem
 To some, most worthy of esteem;
 Nor quarrelsome nor liar he,
 Nor stand'rer, but from malice free.
 An humble mien cannot conceal
 In Maucheix‡ true religious zeal,
 His ardour, for the truth to shew,
 He discipline wou'd undergo.
 When Chaugat|| talks on gloss and text,
 Rabbins themselves wou'd be perplex'd.

† An author who lived in the reign of Charles VI. He wrote a Roman history, which, tho' execrably bad, was tolerable for the age in which he lived; he compos'd also the oracle of philosophers. It is a ridiculous heap of calumnies, which he repented having wrote at the latter part of his life, as we are told by Montrelet.

‡ Another calumniator of that age.

|| Another calumniator.

That lawyer unemploy'd has taken
 The road to heav'n, the bar forsak'n.
 In Vaceras* all virtues meet,
 He's honest, and his temper's sweet,
 He's mild, to charity inclin'd,
 The love of truth inspires his mind.
 All these who laurels justly claim,
 Who rival Cicero's great name,
 Oh dire disgrace and sad to tell!
 Victims like me to envy fell.
 Unjustly to our charge 'tis laid,
 That we from truth have often stray'd : †
 From virtue persecution springs,
 You know this truth, oh best of kings.
 Whilst thus all faults he strove to hide,
 Two persons grave the monarch spy'd,
 Whilst each to hide his visage tries,
 Who are these bashful slaves he cries.
 Said Frelon, there two worthies stand,
 Honest as e'er took oar in hand.
 One's Fantin‡, preacher of great name,
 Whom neither rich nor poor can blame;
 To spare the living he thought best,
 The dying robb'd whom he confess'd.

* He wrote, in conjunction with Dr. John Petit, to justify assassination.

† The crimes alluded to here, are the unjust accusations of which these informers were often guilty. Perhaps likewise they were condemned for forgery.

‡ This canto of the abbé Triteme seems to be a prophecy; we have in fact seen one Fantin, a doctor of divinity and curate at Versailles, who was caught stealing a note of 50 Louis-d'ors from a sick person whom he confessed; he was turned off, but he was not hanged.

T'other's

T'other's Brizet †, who nuns directed,
 No favours from them he expected,
 But still their properties wou'd take,
 And only did it for God's sake :
 Tho' money he lov'd not at all,
 He'd not in bad hands have it fall.
 A wretch there meets your royal eye,
 With a long head plac'd quite awry,
 On number three it often runs,
 He looks like one of Tartuff's ‡ sons,
 All his curst tricks his village knows,
 He's pointed at where'er he goes,
 Such stories of him go about,
 That some are true, I make no doubt.
 But wretches with such malice fraught,
 Are quite below a monarch's thought.
 This noble band of worthies ends
 With Meaulabelle || my best of friends ;
 This the most mean but most devoted
 Of six poor dogs who for me voted ;
 He oft' quite rapt with thoughts high flown,
 Takes others pockets for his own :

† Another prophecy. All Paris has seen the abbé Brizet, a famous director of women of quality, squander in secret debaucheries the money he extorted from his penitents, and which he was entrusted with for the relief of the poor. It seems highly probable, that some body, acquainted with our manners, has inserted these lines in the divine poem of Jérôme Carré ; the same person should have made mention of the abbé la Coste, condemned to be branded and sent to the galleys for life, in the year 1759, for various impositions.

‡ The author must here have in view some master Gonin of that age, who had been heterodox with regard to the trinity.

|| Meaulabelle, another falsifier of manuscripts, well known in that age.

But

But in his works he is so wise,
To hide strong truths from feeble eyes;
Of truth he always had a dread,
He knows it fools has oft' misled;
Therefore he always wou'd conceal it,
And never lik'd much to reveal it.
The truth I to my prince declare;
That's dealing openly and fair.
All as a hero you excel,
This to posterity I'll tell.
The victims of black calumny
Protect, as you have made 'em free;
Save the good from the wicked's snare,
To pay us, and revenge, take care,
And here Frelon his word does plight,
We all will in your favour write.
Then at the English much he rail'd,
Who had so long in France prevail'd;
Spoke loudly for the Salic law,
And swore that he his pen wou'd draw;
Wou'd by it save the state alone,
And prop his injur'd monarch's throne.
The king admir'd his skill profound,
Look'd kindly upon all around;
Telling them with most gracious air,
They all shou'd his protection share.
Fair Agnes sympathy express'd,
Emotions tender fill'd her breast:
Her heart was good; the female mind,
By love, to mercy is inclin'd;
The heroine and the rigid prude
With virtue are not so endu'd.
It needs, said she, must be confess'd,
This day these wretches have been bless'd;
Since they behold your royal face,
Freedom smiles on their happy race.

Too much the judges now presume,
Without their prince to fix men's doom ;
All law my lover should ordain,
Their sentence is both void and vain.
But Joan, less tender, told the king,
They all deserv'd alike to swing ;
That all who were of Frelon's trade,
Public examples should be made.
Dunois, more prudent and more wise,
Like warrior deeply skill'd, replies :
Soldiers we lack t' assert our right,
Limbs are most needful in a fight ;
Limbs these men have, and as things stand,
Whilst we by arms would win the land,
Whilst combats are our only care,
Writing we may contrive to spare :
Then let us lift the fraudulent band,
And with a musquet arm each hand ;
Who us'd the pen, should henceforth wield
The warrior's arms in tented field.
Dunois' advice the king lik'd well ;
The band before him prostrate fell,
They sigh'd, a flood of tears they shed,
Then to a yard they all were led,
Before the banquet house, where all
The courtiers, in a gorgeous hall,
Waited on Charles, and on the fair,
And drank and feasted, void of care.
Agnes to Bonneau gave command,
With plenty to regale the band ;
And not one soul of them complain'd,
For well they far'd with what remain'd.
The time of supper gayly spent,
To bed the king and Agnes went.
Next day with great surprize they rose,
Finding they all had lost their clothes ;

Her

Her jewels Agnes sought with care,
And pearl necklace rich and rare;
But all in vain; yet what she most
Regretted, was Charles' picture lost.
Bonneau, the purser, could not find
The treasure to his care consign'd;
It cost him many a heavy groan,
To see plate, linen, wardrobe, flown.
The scribbling crew, to thieving bred,
Who by the Gazetteer were led,
With eager haste, had in the night
Plunder'd the court, and taken flight.
'They all with Plato were agreed,
That soldiers luxury don't need;
Then thro' bye-path their way they win,
And share the booty at an inn;
There they a tract compos'd profound,
For morals and for doctrine sound;
Pleasure and wealth it taught to scorn,
And shew'd that man for man was born;
That, born equals, they should share
God's gifts, and all their burdens bear;
And that, to make their lot more bless'd,
Goods should in common be possess'd.
'Twas soon expos'd to publick view,
Enrich'd with notes and comments too,
Wrote with religious good intent,
With preface and advertisement.
The royal household, quite distress'd,
Was, the mean time, depriv'd of rest;
Thro' ev'ry forest and each plain
They ran about, but all in vain.
Thus Phineus erst whom Thrace obey'd,
And thus Æneas were afraid,

When † Harpies, flutt'ring on the wing,
 Seiz'd on the dinner of each king.
 Agnes and Dorothea now,
 Their charms to cover knew not how :
 Poor Bonneau griev'd in such a strain,
 From laughter they could scarce refrain :
 Ah, cry'd he, we such loss ne'er bore
 By war's sad fortune heretofore ;
 The rogues took all ; our monarch's mind
 Too much to mercy is inclin'd ;
 Thus his indulgence is repaid ;
 We gain this by the scribbling trade.
 Agnes, compassionate and mild,
 Who on each turn of fortune smil'd,
 In answer said, My dear Bonneau,
 Take not the thing in dudgeon so ;
 Do not from hence conceive a spight
 To learning, and to those that write :
 For I could many authors name,
 Whom Envy's self could scarce defame ;

† The Harpies, Celeno, Ocipete, and Aëlo, daughters of Neptune and the Earth, came to devour all the victuals that were served up to the table of Phineus, king of Thrace, and defiled his whole house. Zetes and Colaes, sons of Boreas, drove these Harpies to the island called the Strophades, near Greece. They treated Æneas as they had done Phineus. But Virgil has represented them as prophetesses : Strange ! that such creatures should be thought inspired by the deities !

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris
 Proluvies, uncæque manus & pallida semper
 Ora fame.

They upbraid Æneas for making war upon them for a few pieces of beef, and foretel that he and his people shall be one day reduced to eat their dishes in Italy. The admirers of the antients look upon this fiction as extremely beautiful.

Who

Who still prove faithful to the throne,
 Do good, but never make it known ;
 Whose song to virtue gives the prize,
 Who practise it before our eyes ;
 Who, on the public good intent,
 T'instruct as well as charm are bent ;
 These are belov'd, tho' some are drones † ;
 Industrious bees our country owns.
 Bonneau replies, 'Tis mighty fine ;
 But yet, methinks, the king should dine ;
 And I cannot, as I'm a sinner,
 Without the ready find a dinner.
 They comfort him, with courage rare
 All strive their suff'rings to repair :
 Then to the town they make retreat,
 And to the castle, noble seat
 Of Charles, and of his valiant knights,
 Whither good cheer and wine invites.
 The knights were but half clad at best,
 The ladies were but simply drest ;
 They enter'd harrafs'd, fight most odd !
 Bare one foot, t'other badly shod.



DISCOURSE addressed to the WELSH.

By ANTHONY VADE, brother of WILLIAM.

OH Welsh! my countrymen, if you surpass
 the antient Greeks and Romans, never
 bite the bosom of your nurses, never insult your
 masters, be modest in your triumphs ; consider
 who you are, and from whom you descend.

† In the original there is a quibble upon the word Frelon, which signifies a drone.

It is true, you had the honour to be subdued by Julius Cæsar, who caused all the members of your parliament of Vannes to be hanged, sold the remainder of the inhabitants, ordered the hands of the inhabitants of Quercy to be cut off, and then governed you with great mildness. You remained above five hundred years subject to the laws of the Roman empire: your Druids, who treated you as slaves and animals, who piously burned you in osier baskets, no longer retained their influence when you became a province of the Roman empire. But honestly confess, that you were always somewhat barbarous.

In the 5th age of your vulgar æra, Vandales, to whom you gave the sonorous appellation of Bourgonfions, or Bourguignons, people of great genius, and extremely cleanly, who rubbed their hair with strong butter, to use the phrase of Sidonius Apollinaris, *infundens acido comam butiro*: these people, I say, made you all slaves, from the territory of your town of Vienne to the source of your river Seine; and it is one of the remaining customs of that illustrious age, for monks and canons to have vassals in this country*. This fine prerogative of the human species subsists amongst you as a testimony of your wisdom.

One part of your remaining provinces, which you so long called the provinces of Oc, and which you so nobly distinguished from the provinces of Oui, were invaded by the Visigoths: and as to your provinces of Oui, they were

* At St. Claude, and other places belonging to the monks, the citizens are still their vassals.

taken from you by a Sicambrian named Hilclovie †, whose ancestors had been condemned to be devoured by wild beasts at Triers, by the emperor Constantine. This Sicambrian, dignified with the title of the Roman Patrician, reduced you to slavery with a handful of Franks, which came out of the marshes of the Rhine, the Mayne, and the Meuse. The noble exploits of this great man were the assassinations of three petit kings his friends and relations, one near the town of Boulogne upon the sea, the other near the village of Cambrai, and the third near the village of Mans, which your chronicles call cities: it was at that time that the Welsh country had the melodious name of Frankreich, the antient name of France, in commemoration of its conquerors; and you were the first nation of the world, for you had the standard of St. Denis.

Northern pirates came some time after to pillage you, and took from you the province which has been since called Normandy. You were afterwards divided into many different nations under different masters, and each nation had its peculiar laws, as well as its peculiar jargon.

One half of your country soon belonged to the inhabitants of the island called Britain, or England, in their idiom, which was then as harmonious as yours. Normandy, Bretagne, Anjou, Mayne, Xaintonge, Guienne, Gascony, Angoumois, Perigueux, Rouergue, and Auvergne, were a long time in the hands of this people, the Angles; whilst you had neither

† Clovis.

Lyons, nor Marseilles, nor Dauphine, nor Provence, nor Languedoc.

Notwithstanding this your miserable situation, your compilers, whom you take for historians, often call you The first people of the earth, and your kingdom, The first kingdom. This is treating other nations somewhat unpolitely. You are a modest and amiable people; and if you add modesty to your graces, the rest of Europe will be highly pleased with you.

Return your hearty thanks to God for delivering you from the Angles, by the factions of the red and white Rose; and above all, return thanks, that the civil wars of Germany prevented Charles V. from swallowing up your country, and making it a province of the empire.

You had a brilliant moment under Lewis XIV. but don't, for that reason, think yourselves superior in every thing to the antient Romans and Greeks.

Consider, that during the space of six hundred years, scarce any body amongst you, except a few of your new Druids, could either read or write. Your excessive ignorance gave you up to the Flamen of Rome and his associates, like children, whom pedagogues govern and correct as they think proper. Your contracts of marriage, when you made contracts, which was but seldom, were written, in bad Latin, by clerks; you did not know what you had stipulated: and when you had children, there came a shaven monk from Rome, who proved to you, that your wife was not your wife, that she was your cousin in the last degree, that your marriage was sacrilegious, that your children were bastards,
and

and that you were damned if you did not, without delay, make over one half of your property to the chamber called Apostolical.

Your basiloï (kings) were not better treated than yourselves : you had nine excommunicated (if I am not mistaken) by the servant of the servants of God. Excommunication implied, of consequence, the confiscation of goods ; so that your basiloï lost all right to their crown, which the Roman pontiff made a present of to which ever of his friends he thought proper.

You will tell me, my dear Welsh, that the people of Britain, or England, and even the Teutonic emperors, have been worse used than you, and that they were full as ignorant. That is true, but that does not justify you : and if the British nation was so stupid as to be a long time a feudatory province to a Druid beyond the Alps, you will acknowledge that it contrived to revenge the affront ; endeavour to follow the example if you can.

You had formerly a king who, though unfortunate in all his designs and expeditions, deserves some praise, for having taught you to read and write ; he even sent to Italy for persons who taught you the Greek language, and for others who taught you painting and statuary : but there passed above a hundred years before you had a tolerable painter or statuary ; and as for those who learned the Greek, and even the Hebrew, they were almost all burnt alive, having incurred the suspicion of reading certain Judaical books ; a thing highly dangerous.

I am willing to allow you, my dear Welsh men, that your country is the first country in the world ; and yet you do not possess the largest

domain in the smallest of the four quarters of the earth. Consider that Spain is of somewhat greater extent, that Germany is still more so, that Poland and Switzerland are bigger, and that there are provinces in Russia, of which the country of the Welsh would not make a fourth part.

I wish your country may prove the first in the world for the fertility of its soil : but, for God's sake, think of your forty leagues of lands towards Bourdeaux, of that part of your Champagne to which you have given the noble appellation of the Louisy, of whole provinces where the inhabitants live entirely upon chesnuts, and of others, where there is no bread to be had but rye bread : take notice of the prohibition you lie under to export corn out of your country ; a prohibition founded upon your want, and perhaps too upon your character, which would excite you to sell all you have as fast as possible, in order to purchase it again at a very high price three months after : in this you resemble certain inhabitants of America, who sell their beds in the morning, forgetting that they will want them at night.

Add to this, that the expence which the fashionable part of the nation is at, in flour to powder themselves, whether you have your hair dressed in the royal bird fashion, or whether you wear it loose, like king Clodio and the privy counsellors, is an expence so universal, that it is very reasonable to prevent the exportation of a commodity of which you make so good a use.

First people of the earth, consider that you have in your kingdom of Frankreik, about two millions of inhabitants who walk in wooden

shoes during six months of the year, and who go bare-footed during the remaining six.

Are you the first people of the earth for commerce and maritime glory? Alas!

I have heard it said, but I cannot believe that yours is the only nation in the world that buys the right of judging men, and even of leading them to be killed in battle. I have been assured, that you make the public treasure pass through fifty hands before it arrives at the royal treasury; and when it has gone through all these strainers, it is at last reduced to the fifth part of its value at most.

In answer to this you will alledge, that you are extremely successful in comic operas: but can you deny that you are indebted to Italy for your comic as well as your serious operas? I will own that you have invented some modes, though you now adopt almost all those of the people of Britain. But was it not a Genoese who discovered the fourth part of the world, where you possess only two or three little islands? Was it not a native of Portugal who opened to you a passage to the East-Indies, where you lately lost your little factories?

Perhaps you may be the first people in the world for the invention of arts: yet, was not the compass invented by John Goya, of Melphi? Was it not the German, Schwartz, who discovered the secret of inflammable powder? Was not printing, which you make so much use of, the fruit of a German's ingenious labour?

When you are disposed to read the new pamphlets, which represent you as so learned a people, you sometimes make use of spectacles: thank Francis Spina for this; for without him

you would never have been able to read small characters. You have telescopes; for them thank James Metius the Dutchman, and Galilei Galileo the Florentine.

If you sometimes amuse yourselves with barometers and thermometers, to whom are you indebted for them? To Torricelli, who invented the former; to Drebellius, who invented the latter.

Many of you study the true system of the planetary world: it was a man born in Polish Prussia who discovered this secret of the Creator. You are aided in your calculations by logarithms; it is to the immense labour of lord Napier and his associates that you are obliged for them: it is Guerick of Magdebourg, that you should thank for the air-pump.

It is this same Galileo, whom I have just mentioned, who first discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the spots in the sun, and its rotation upon its axis. The Dutchman Huygens, could see the ring of Saturn; an Italian could see its satellites, when you could perceive nothing at all.

In fine, it was the great Newton who demonstrated to you the nature of light, and who discovered the great law which causes the stars to move, and which directs heavy bodies towards the centre of the earth.

First people of the world, you love to adorn your closets, you hang up fine prints in them; but reflect, that the Florentine Finiguerra is the father of this art, which immortalizes what the pencil cannot preserve. You have also fine clocks; this likewise is an invention of the Dutchman Huygens.

You

You sometimes wear brilliants upon your fingers; reflect that it was the people of Venice that first began to cut them, and to imitate pearls.

You sometimes contemplate yourselves in a looking-glass; it is to Venice likewise that you are indebted for this invention.

I should therefore be glad that you would shew in your books a little more respect for your neighbours. You don't indeed do like Rome, where all those who discover any truth are brought before the inquisition, let that truth be of what nature it will; and where Galileo was obliged to fast upon bread and water, for having taught them that the planets move round the sun. But what do you do? As soon as an useful discovery renders another nation illustrious, you combat it, and that for a long time. Newton shews the astonished world the seven primitive and unchangeable rays of light; you, for twenty years, deny what has been proved by experiments, instead of making those experiments yourselves. He demonstrated gravitation to you; and during forty years, you, in opposition to him, maintain the impertinent romance of the Cartesian vortices. In a word, you never yield, till all Europe has laughed at your obstinacy.

In other countries, inoculation saves the lives of thousands; you exert yourselves, for above forty years, in endeavours to decry this salutary practice. If sometimes, in carrying to the grave your wives or your children, dead of a natural small-pox, you feel a moment's remorse (as you happen to have a moment of grief and regret) if you then repent the not having adopted the practice of nations more wise and more resolute than

than you ; if you sometimes venture to do that which is so common among them ; this resolution does not hold, prejudice and lightness reassume their antient empire over you.

You either are ignorant, or pretend to be ignorant, that in the London hospitals set apart for the natural and artificial small-pox, one fourth part of the patients who have the common small-pox die, whilst there scarcely dies one out of four hundred of those that have been inoculated.

Thus you let one fourth of your fellow-citizens perish ; and when you are shocked at this calculation, which shews you to be so imprudent and so blame-worthy, what do you do ? you consult licentiates, either those of the foundation of Robert Sorbon, or others : you present requisitions ! It is thus you maintained theses against Harvey, when he had discovered the circulation of the blood : in this manner were decrees issued by the parliament of Paris, which condemned to the galleys those who wrote against the Categories of Aristotle.

Oh, first people of the earth, when will you become reasonable ? You are under a necessity of acknowledging the truth of all I have said to you. You make answer, that all your follies do not prevent mademoiselle Du Chap from selling female habits and ornaments all over the North, no more than it prevents your language from being spoken at Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Moscow. I shall not take into consideration the importance of the first of these articles ; the second is alone the subject of my discourse. You make it your boast, that your language is almost as universal as the Greek and Latin were
for-

formerly. To whom are you indebted for this ? To about a score authors of genius ; all of whom you neglected, persecuted, and tormented, during their lives. You chiefly owe this triumph of your language in foreign countries, to the multitudes of natives who were obliged to quit their country about the year 1613 : Bayle, Le Clerc, Basnage, Bernard, Rapin Thoiras, Beausobre, L'Enfant, and many more, departed to make Holland and Germany illustrious : literary commerce was one of the greatest advantages of the United Provinces, and was entirely lost to you. The misfortunes of your countrymen contributed greatly to make your language known to so many nations : the Racines, the Corneilles, the Molières, the Boileaus, the Quinaults, the La Fontaines, and your good writers in prose, have doubtless greatly contributed to spread abroad your language and your reputation : it is a great advantage, but it does not justify you in thinking that you surpass the Greeks and Romans in every thing.

In the first place, be so good as to consider, that you have no art or science, for the knowledge of which you are not indebted to the Greeks : the very names of those arts and sciences sufficiently prove this ; logic, dialectics, geometry, metaphysics, poetry, geography, even theology, if it be a science, all declare to you the source from whence you derive them.

There is not a single woman that does not speak Greek without being aware of it ; for if she says that she has seen a tragedy or a comedy ; that an ode has been read to her ; that one of her relations has had a fit of the apoplexy, or is become paralytic ; that he has a quincy, or that

a surgeon has bled him in the cephalic vein; that she has been at church, where a deacon has sung the Litany; if she speaks of bishops, priests, arch-deacons, pope, liturgy, anthem, eucharist, baptism, mysteries, decalogue, evangelists, hierarchy, &c. it is very certain that she has scarce pronounced a word that is not Greek.

True it is, that those who derive all these terms from a foreign language, may make so happy a use of them, that the disciples may at last surpass the masters. But when, in process of time, you had formed your language of the ruins of the Greek and Latin, blended with your antient Welsh and Teutonic terms, did you then succeed so far as to compose a language sufficiently copious, expressive, and harmonious? Does not your sterility sufficiently appear from the dry and barbarous terms you employ upon all occasions? *Bout du pied, bout de doigt, bout d'oreille, bout de nez, bout de fil, bout de pont, &c.* End of the foot, end of the finger, end of the ear, end of the nose, end of the thread, end of the bridge, &c. whilst the Greeks express all these different things by terms full of energy and harmony. You have been likewise reproached with using the expressions *un bras de riviere, un bras de mer, un cu d'artichaud, un cu de lampe, un cu de sac, &c.* * Scarcely do you allow yourselves to use the word *cu* in its proper sense before matrons worthy of respect; and yet you make use of no other word to express things with which it has no sort of connexion. Jerome

* Some of these French phrases would appear indecent if rendered literally.

Carré has proposed to you the word *impasse*, to signify your streets that have no passage from them; this term is noble and significant; yet, to your shame be it spoken, it is constantly printed in your royal almanac, that one of you lives in the *cu de Sac*, and the other in the *cu de blancs Manteux*. Fie! are you not ashamed? The Romans called such streets as had no issue, *angiportus*; they could not find any resemblance between a street and the thing signified by the word *cu*.

What shall I say of the word *trou hole*, of which you make so frequent and so noble a use?

Do not you think that the names of your gates, your streets, and your temples, would have a fine effect in an epic poem? We take pleasure in seeing Hector run from the temple of Pallas to the Scæan gate. The ear is as much pleased as the imagination delighted, when the Greeks advance from Tenedos to the Trojan shore, upon the banks of the rivers Simois and Scamander; but, speak honestly, could a poet represent your heroes descending from the church of *St. Pierre au Bœufs*, St. Peter with oxen; or *St. Jaques du haut pas*, St. James of high step; advancing with fury by the street of *Pet au diable*, devil's fart; and by the street *Troussévache*, drive-cow; embarking upon the galley of *St. Cloud*, and going to join battle at the square of *Long-jumeau*, long-twin?

The curious amongst you preserve a prodigious number of memoirs of the transactions that passed between the death of Henry II. and Henry IV. These are monuments of rudeness produced by the itch of writing; they are collections of satires occasioned by shocking events,
trans-

transmitted to posterity in the low stile of the populace : at that time you had but one historian, and he was obliged to write in Latin.

At last, you have cleared your language of this barbarous rust, of this sordid meanness; you have composed some good books; but have you in them surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes? Have you wrote better than Livy, Tacitus, Thucydides, and Xenophon? What author, of a genius above mediocrity, has hitherto wrote your annals?

Is it becoming in Daniel to say, in the very first page of his history, “It was not till the reign of the great Clovis, that the French made themselves for ever masters of these vast provinces” Certain it is, that the great Clovis did not make himself master of them *for ever*; as his successors lost the whole tract that lies between Cologne and Franche-compte. This Daniel tells you, from the romancer Gregory of Tours, that the soldiers of Clovis, after the battle of Tolbiac, “Cried out, as it were in concert: We renounce mortal gods; we will no longer adore any but the eternal God; we no longer acknowledge any other God but him whom the holy bishop Remi preaches to us.”

It is not indeed possible that a whole French army should, in concert, pronounce these words, and these antitheses of mortal and immortal. Your Daniel resembles your La Motte, who, in an abridgment of the Iliad, makes the whole Grecian army pronounce this verse, when Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon.

Que ne vaincra-t-il point? il s'est vaincu lui-même.

Whom can't he conquer? he himself subdues.

How

How could the army of the Franks renounce mortal gods? Did it worship men? Were not Theut, Irminful, Odin, and Fridda, whom these barbarians adored, immortal in their opinion? Daniel should not have been ignorant, that all the inhabitants of the North adored a Supreme Being, who presided over these secondary divinities; he had nothing to do but to cite the antient book of Edda, quoted by the learned Huet, bishop of Avranches; he had nothing to do but to read what Huet has said expressly in his treatise concerning the manners of the Germans: *Regnator omnium Deus*, God, the ruler of all: this deity was called God, or Goth, Goth the good; and it is matter of much surprize, that barbarians should give the deity a title so worthy of him. Daniel should not therefore have put such an absurdity into the mouth of a whole army; a folly which suits only a christian pedagogue. But pray in what language did Remi preach to these Brueteri and Sicambri? He spoke either Latin or Welsh; and the Sicambri spoke the antient Teutonic. Remi, in all appearance, renewed the miracle of the Pentecost: *Et unusquisque intendebat linguam suam*, And each understood his own language. If you examine Mezerai carefully, what a heap of fables, what confusion, and what a stile do you meet with! Deserve Livies, and you will have them.

I am inclined to think, that, amongst you, the eloquence of the bar and the pulpit have had all the improvement they are capable of. The division of your sermons into three heads, when there is no occasion for such division; an address to the virgin Mary, which precedes this

vision; a long Welsh discourse upon a Latin text, which is suited, the best it can, to that discourse; and, finally, scraps of common place, repeated a thousand times over, are master-pieces of composition, no doubt; the pleadings of your lawyers upon the customs of Hurepoix or Gatinois, will pass to the latest posterity; but I doubt much whether they will cause the Greek and Roman eloquence to be forgotten.

I am far from denying that Pascal, Bossuet, and Fenelon, were extremely eloquent. It was upon the appearing of these geniuses, that you ceased to be Welsh, and that you became French. But don't compare the Provincial Letters to the Philippics. First, consider that the importance of the subject is something: the names of Philip and Mark Anthony are somewhat above the names of father Annat, Escobar, and Tambourini. The interests of Greece, and the civil wars of Rome, are objects more considerable than sufficient grace which is insufficient; co-operating grace which does not operate; and efficacious grace which is without efficaciousness. The great attractive of these Provincial Letters is lost with the Jesuits; but the Orations of Demosthenes and Cicero still instruct Europe, whilst the objects of these harangues exist no longer; whilst the Greeks are only slaves, and the Romans only monks.

I am very sensible, that the funeral orations of Bossuet are exceeding fine, that they do not even want sublimity; but what is a funeral oration? a discourse of meer ostentation, a declamatory piece, a collection of common-place, and often a violation of the truth. Should these poetical harangues be placed in the same class
with

with the solid orations of Cicero and Demosthenes?

Your Fenelon, an admirer of the antients, whose genius was formed by reading their works, lighted his waxen taper by their immortal flames: you will not be so presumptuous as to maintain, that his Calypso abandoned by Telemachus, comes near the Dido of Virgil: the cold and unaffecting passion of Telemachus, whom Mentor pushes into the sea with his fist, in order to cure him of his love, does not seem to be one of the most sublime of inventions. And will you presume that the prose of that work is comparable to the poetry of Homer and Virgil? Oh my Welsh countrymen, what is a poem in prose, but an acknowledgment of its author's deficiency in point of genius? Do you not know, that it is easier to compose ten volumes of tolerable prose in your language, than ten good lines in verse, in this language overloaded with articles, deprived of inversions, poor in poetical terms, sterile in bold turns of expression, subjected to an eternal monotony of rhyme, and void of rhymes in the most noble subjects.

Do not you recollect, that when Lewis XIV. whom readers were resolved to take for Idomeneus, was dead; when Louvois was forgotten, whose character they discovered in Protefilaus; when the marchioness Scarron de Maintenon, whom they compared to the old Asterbe, was no longer envied; that then Telemachus lost much of its esteem. But the *tu Marcellus eris* of Virgil will always live in the memory of men; these lines, and those which precede them, will be always cited with admiration:

Ter

*Ter sese attollens cubitoque innixa levavit,
Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
Quæsiuit cælo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.*

In a prose translation of Virgil (for it is impossible for you to translate him in verse, and you have not yet had any success in rendering the sense of the Latin authors in prose) an imitation of the admirable speech of Dido, which follows, has been cited :

*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,
Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos.
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent ipsique nepotes.*

This is the pretended imitation of Virgil, which is represented as a faithful copy of this grand picture.

*Puisse après mon trepas s'élever de mon cendre
Un feu qui sur la terre aille au loin se repandre :
Excites par mes vœux puissent mes successeurs,
Furer des le Berceau qu'ils seront mes vengeurs,
Et du nom de Troiens ennemis implacables,
Attaquer en tous lieux ces rivaux redoutables.
Que l'univers en proie à ces deux nations
Soit le theatre affreux de leurs dissensions,
Que tout serve à nourrir cette haine invincible ;
Qu'elle croisse toujours jusques au moment terrible
Que l'un ou l'autre cede aux armes du vainqueur,
Que ses derniers efforts signalent sa fureur !*

When I am dead, may from my fatal urn
Arise a fire which half the earth may burn :
Rous'd by my vows, may my successors swear
In child-hood to make my revenge their care,
And of the Trojan name eternal foes,
May they my rivals in each clime oppose.

Be

Be earth a prey to these two nations rage,
 Let it to their contentions be a stage;
 May all things serve to feed this direful hate,
 May it grow till the moment mark'd by fate;
 Till one or t'other party yield of course,
 May its last efforts signalize its force!

Do but consider how weak, vitious, forced,
 and languishing, this pretended copy is;

*Puisse apres mon trepas s'elever de mors cendre
 Un feu qui sur la terre aille au loin se repandre !*

When I am dead, may from my fatal urn
 Arise a fire which half the earth may burn !

What means this fire which is to spread itself
 far and wide over the earth? Do we find in
 these verses fill'd with breaks, the least word
 which recalls the ideas of grief, of terror and
 of vengeance, which breathe in this striking
 line :

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

The author has a revenger in view, and the
 bald imitator speaks of a fire which is to burn
 half the earth. How much do the rhyming
 epithets, *implacables, redoubtables, invincibles,*
terribles, weaken the painting of Virgil ! how
 puerile is any epithet that adds nothing to the
 sense !

I do not know who is the author of these
 lines; but this I know, that when the rhyming
 of a Welsh poet comes in competition with the
 most beautiful passages of an antient author, it
 must suffer by the comparison.

Oh, ye French, I take pleasure to join with
 you in the admiration of your great poets ; it is
 chiefly they who have spread your language to
 the

the polar circle, and who have forced even the Italians and Spaniards to learn it. I begin with your natural and pleasing La Fontaine: most of his fables are borrowed from Æsop the Phrygian, and Phœdrus the Roman: there are about fifty which are master-pieces for nature, for grace, and for diction. This species of writing is altogether unknown to the rest of the moderns. I must own, I could wish that this extraordinary man had been less negligent in his other fables; that he had wrote this language, which he has made so familiar to neighbouring nations, with greater purity; that his style had been more chaste and exact; that whilst he greatly surpassed Phœdrus in delicacy, he had equalled him in purity of elocution. I am sorry to see him begin by a short dedication to a prince, in which he says to him:

*Et si de l'agréer je n'emporte le prix,
J'aurai du moins l'honneur de l'avoir entrepris.*

To please him shou'd the glory be deny'd,
'Twill be at least an honour to have try'd.

It is a comical sort of a glory to attempt to please a person; and what an absurd phrase is that of *le prix d'agréer*, the prize of pleasing? Phœdrus does not express himself in this manner: Phœdrus does not make the ant say, *ni mon grenier ni mon armoire ne se remplit a babbiller*; neither my barn nor my chest are fill'd by prate. The fox in Phœdrus says, "the grapes are too green," but he does not add, "they are good only for little brats."

It vexes me, when I meet with the expressions *la cigale ayant chanté tout été*, the grasshopper having sung the whole summer; to which the ant

ant answers, *Vous chantiez ! j'en suis bien aise,*
be bien dansez maintenant ; You sung ! I am glad
 to hear it ; well then, now dance.

The wolf might say to the dog with the
 chain, that he would not buy plenty with his
 liberty ; but this wolf makes me uneasy when
 he adds ;

Je ne voudrois pas même a ce prix un trésor ;
Cela-dit maître loup s'enfuit & court encor.

Bought at this price, I'd not a treasure prize ;
 'This said, away he fled, and still he flies.

A wolf never desired gold or silver.

The man who blows his fingers because he's
 cold, and breathes upon his soup because it is too
 hot, is quite in the right : he does not at all
 deserve to have it said of him,

Arrière ceux dont la bouche
Souffle le chaud & le froid.

Avaunt the man, I like him not,
 Who blows what's cold as well as hot.

It is abusing a trivial proverb which is not here
 properly applied : but these little blemishes do
 not prevent the fables of La Fontaine from being
 an immortal work.

His tales are, doubtless, the best we have ;
 this merit, if it be a merit, is unknown to
 Greek and Roman Antiquity. La Fontaine has,
 in this respect, surpassed Rabelais, and often
 equalled the simplicity and precision which are
 to be met with in three or four works of Marot ;
 in his best tales, you meet with that pleasing
 vein, that nature of Passerat, who lived in the
 reign of Henry III. and has left us the meta-
 morphosis of the cuckow, a work too little

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known,

known, in which we discover nothing of the rusticity of the age in which it was wrote, and which one would be tempted to think a work of La Fontaine himself.

Thus Passerat ends the tale of this poor, jealous wretch ; who being metamorphosed into a cuckow,

*S'envole au bois, au bois se tient caché,
Honteux d'avoir sa femme tant cherché ;
Et nean moins quand le printems s'enflame
Nos cœurs d'amour, il cherche encor sa femme :
Parle au passants & ne peut dire qu'ou,
Rien que ce mot ne retint le coucou
D'humain parler : mais par œuvres il montre
Qu'onc en oubli ne mit sa malencontre,
Se souvenant qu'on vint pondre chez lui,
Venge ce tort & pond au nid d'autrui :
Voilà comment sa douleur il allége.
Heureux ceux-la qui ont ce privilege.*

Flies to the woods, there shuns the throng,
Vex'd to have sought his spouse so long ;
Yet when the spring revives Love's flame
In ev'ry heart, he seeks his dame :
To all that pass he speaks and mutters
Ou, for no other word he utters ;
But by his actions plainly shews,
He recollects his wrongs and woes ;
Remembers how birds on a day
Came in his nest their eggs to lay ;
For which he just revenge prepares,
Resolv'd in turn to lay in theirs.
Thus he alleviates his grief ;
Bless'd who can thus procure relief.

Upon this stile La Fontaine formed his : for
all your poets of Lewis IV's age began by imi-
tating

tating their predecessors; Corneille at first imitated the stile of Mairet and Rotrou; Boileau that of Reignier.

Perhaps the grand defect of La Fontaine's tales is, that they almost all turn upon the same subject; it is always the debauching of a daughter or a wife: the stile of them is not always correct and elegant; they are disfigured by negligencies, by prolixities, and by proverbial and trivial expressions. He seems to be inferior to Ariosto in the tales which he has borrowed from that author. Ariosto not only has the merit of being the inventor, but he has woven those little adventures into a long poem, wherein they are related as there occurs occasion. His stile is always pure; there is in him no prolixity, no defect of stile, no foreign ornaments; in a word, he is a painter, and a very great painter; that is the first merit of poetry; and it is what La Fontaine has neglected. Observe, in the Joconda of Ariosto, the young Greek who finds Fiammetta in her bed whilst she lies between king Astolpho and Joconda.

*Viene all'uscio & lo spinge, & quel li cede;
 Entra pian piano, va a tenton col piede.
 Fa lunghi i passi, e sempre in quel di dietro
 Tutto si ferma, e l'altro par che mova,
 A quisa che di dar tema nel vetro;
 Non ch'el terreno abbia a calcar ma l'uova,
 E tien la mano innanzi simil metro,
 Va bran colando in fin che'l letto trova;
 E di la dove gli altri avean le piante;
 Tacito si caccia col capo inante.*

The door yields to her hand, she enters slow,
 And groping cautious, forward tries to go ;
 Her steps she lengthens, onward tries to pass,
 As if she fear'd to strike against a glass ;
 Her hand before resembling motions kept,
 Thus she approach'd the bed wherein they slept ;
 And then, from where the others legs were plac'd
 Advancing forward, pass'd with eager haste.

It is surprising that your Boileau, in the judgment he has pass'd upon the *Joconda* of Ariosto, and upon that of *La Fontaine*, should reproach the Italian author with certain liberties ; he does not recollect that it is an inn keeper that speaks ; every person should preserve his peculiar character. Ariosto, whilst he attends to this costume, as the painters call it, does not let a single word escape him that is not pure Tuscan ; an extraordinary merit in a work of such length, wrote entirely in redoubled stanzas.

I have spoken too long of this trivial species of writing, which, trivial as it is, contributes to the glory of literature ;

In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria.

The subject's trivial, but not so the praise.

I should enlarge upon the superior merit of your theatre, whose only defect is, that it is not sufficiently tragical, if this subject had not been so often treated of already.

It is my opinion, that Euripides would blush at his glory, that he would hide himself through shame, if he was to see the *Phœdra* and *Iphigenia* of Racine. The tragedies of Racine, and many of the scenes of Corneille, are some of the finest pieces in your language. Many of
 the

the scenes of Quinault are admirable, in a species of poetry no more known to the antients than that of La Fontaine's tales. Your Moliere surpasses both Terence and Plautus; I will acknowledge likewise, that Boileau's Art of Poetry is more poetical than that of Horace; that he set the example in giving the precept, and that his copy is superior to the original. This is your glory; strive to preserve it: you excel in these two sorts of composition alone, you have rivals or masters in all others. You have been so affected by the charms of verse, that now-a-days your treatises upon physics and metaphysics unhappily breathe the spirit of poetry; no longer able to write poems in the same taste in which they were wrote in the age of Lewis XIV. you have only discovered the secret how to spoil your prose.

You are threatened with another plague: I am informed that there rises amongst you, a set of rigid people who call themselves solid; gloomy geniuses, who pretend to judgment because they are void of imagination; men of learning, enemies to letters, who are for ever banishing polite antiquity and fable. Do not give ear to their insinuations, oh you French! if you do, you will soon become Welsh again.

Imagination, daughter of heaven, built formerly in Greece a temple of transparent marble; she, with her own hands, painted upon the walls of the temple all nature in allegorical pictures: there Jupiter, the sovereign of gods and men, was seen to bring forth the goddess of Wisdom by his brain; the goddess of Beauty is likewise his daughter, but she did not spring from his head: this Beauty is the mother of Love:

that this Beauty may have the power of enchanting hearts, she should be never unattended by the three Graces: and who are these necessary companions of Beauty? One is Aglate, who burns all; another Euphrosine, who inspires hearts with tranquil joy; and the third Thalia, who strews flowers upon the footsteps of the goddesses; this is the signification of their three names. The muses teach all the elegant arts; they are daughters of Memory, and their birth informs you, that without the assistance of Memory, man can neither invent nor combine two ideas.

This then is what barbarians would destroy; and what can they substitute in the place of these divine emblems? The pleadings of Mr. de Saci, with some other works of equal merit? The harangue of Mr. Stephen le Dain, pronounced in the secretary's office?

Oh ye Welsh, if Janus with a double forehead, representing the year which begins and ends, retains among you still the rude and unintelligible name of January; if your April, which signifies nothing, is with the antients the month consecrated to Aphrodite, to Venus, to the principle that makes nature young; if the barbarous names of *Vendredi & Mercredi*, Friday and Wednesday, recall the ideas of Venus and Mercury; if the whole heaven in its constellations is still filled with the fables of Greece; respect your masters, if you have not a mind to resemble that learned Welshman, who maintained that the twelve patriarchs, sons of Jacob, had invented the twelve signs of the zodiac; that the Ram was that of Isaac, the Twins that of Jacob and Esau, the Virgin that of Rebecca,

Aquarius

Aquarius the pitcher of Rebecca ; and that the other signs had been given wrong.

Believe me, my dear brethren, you would not do amiss to retain the beautiful profane inventions of your predecessors.



E S S A Y

UPON THE

ENGLISH THEATRE.

By JEROME CARRE.

TWO little English books informs us, that this nation, famous for so many excellent works, and so many famous enterprizes, is possessed of two excellent tragic poets : one is Shakespeare, who is said greatly to surpass Corneille ; the other, the tender Otway, much superior to the tender Racine.

This dispute turning entirely upon taste, there does not seem any answer to be made to the English. Who can hinder a whole nation from liking a poet of its own better than one of another country ? It is impossible to prove to a whole people that it is pleased in the wrong place ; but we may refer the matter in dispute between the stage of Paris and that of London to other nations. We therefore address ourselves to all readers from Petersbrough to Naples, and we entreat them to decide the controversy.

There is not a man of learning in Russia, in Italy, in Germany, in Spain, in Switzerland, or in Holland, who is not acquainted with Cinna and Phædra; and very few of them have any knowledge of the works of Shakespeare or Otway. This is a great prejudice in favour of the former; however, it is but a prejudice. The papers relative to the suit should be produced before the bar. Hamlet is one of the most admired pieces of Shakespeare, as well as one of those which are ofteneft represented. We shall faithfully lay it before the judges.

PLAN of the TRAGEDY of HAMLET.

The subject of Hamlet, prince of Denmark, is pretty nearly the same with that of Electra.

Hamlet king of Denmark, was poisoned by his brother Claudius and his queen Gertrude, who poured poison in his ear whilst he was asleep. Claudius succeeded the deceased; and a few days after the burying, the widow married the brother-in-law.

No body had ever entertained the least suspicion of the late king Hamlet's being poisoned in the manner above related. Claudius reigns in peace. Two soldiers being upon guard before the gate of Claudius's palace, one says to the other, How has your hour passed? The other answers, Very well, I have not heard a mouse stir. After some discourse of the same nature, the ghost appears, drest like the late king Hamlet; one of these soldiers says to his comrade, Speak to this ghost, you are a scholar; That I will, says the other: Stay and speak, phantom, I command you. The apparition disappears.

appears without answering. The two soldiers, in astonishment, talk of this apparition. The learned soldier remembers that he had heard that "the same thing had happened at the time of the death of Cæsar; tombs were opened, the dead in their shrouds screamed and leaped about in the streets of Rome: it without doubt is a presage of some extraordinary event."

At these words the ghost appears a second time: then one of the guards cries out, Phantom, what would you have? Can I do any thing for you; Is your coming occasioned by any hidden treasures? Then the cock crows. The ghost walks off slowly; the centinels propose striking it with a halberd in order to stop it; but it flies; and the soldiers conclude that it is customary with ghosts to vanish at the crowing of the cock, "For, say they, at the time of Advent, (Christmas eve) the bird of dawning sings all night, and then spirits dare not wander any longer; the nights are wholesome, the planets shed no bad influence; fairies and forcerers are without power at so holy and blessed a season."

Observe, by the bye, that this is one of the striking passages that Pope has marked with commas in his edition of Shakespeare, to make readers take notice of its excellence.

After the ghost has thus made his appearance, king Claudius, Gertrude his queen, and the courtiers, join in a conversation in the hall of the palace. Young Hamlet, son of the poisoned monarch, the hero of the piece, receives with sadness and melancholy the marks of friendship shewn him by Claudius and Gertrude: this prince was far from suspecting that his father had been poisoned by them; but he was

highly displeased that his mother had so soon married the brother of her first husband. Gertrude dissuades her son from continuing to wear mourning for his father to no purpose. "It is not, says he, my coat as black as ink, nor the appearances of grief, which constitute the real mourning; this mourning is at the bottom of the heart, the rest is only vain parade." He declares that he has an inclination to quit Denmark, and go to school to Wittenbergh. "Dear Hamlet, says the queen, do not go to school to Wittenbergh, stay with us." Hamlet answers, that he will endeavour to obey her. Claudius is charmed at the answer; and orders that all of his court should go and drink, whilst the canons were fired off; though gun-powder was not then invented.

Hamlet, left alone a prey to his reflections, makes the following soliloquy. "What, my mother! whom my father loved so such a degree! my mother, for whom my father found his appetite increase the longer he eat! My mother marries another at the end of a month! another, no more to be compared to him, than a satyr's to be compared to the sun! the month being scarce elapsed! What do I say? before she had worn out the shoes with which she followed the body of my poor father! Ah, frailty is the name of woman! my heart bursts*, for I must hold my tongue." Here again Pope

* Here Mr. de Voltaire's translation of Shakespeare is evidently defective; the line in the original is,

But burst my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

gives

gives notice to his readers, that this passage is worthy of their admiration.

In the mean time the two centinels come to inform prince Hamlet, that they had seen a ghost which bore a strong resemblance to the king his father: this gives the prince great uneasiness; he is impatient to see this apparition; he swears that he will speak to it, though hell should gape and bid him hold his peace; and he goes home to wait the close of the day with impatience.

Whilst he is in his apartment at the palace, a young person named Ophelia, daughter of lord Polonius, great chamberlain, appears in the house of her father, with her brother Laertes. This Ophelia has some inclination for prince Hamlet. Laertes gives her very good advice.

“ Do you see me, sister, a prince, the heir
“ to a kingdom, should not carve for himself;
“ his morsels should be chosen for him; take
“ care how you lose your heart with him, and
“ how you open your chaste treasure to his violent importunities. It is dangerous to pull
“ off one’s mask, even by moon-light: putrefaction often destroys the children of the
“ spring before their buds are blown; and in the
“ morning, and the dew of youth, contagious
“ winds are much to be feared.”

OPHELIA answers.

“ Ah, dear brother, don’t deal with me as
“ some ungracious pastors do, who shew the
“ steep and thorny road to heaven, whilst they
“ themselves, like bold libertines, do the reverse of what they preach.”

The brother and sister having had this conversation, leave the stage to prince Hamlet, who returns with a friend and the same sentinels who had seen the ghost. The apparition again presents itself before them: the prince speaks to it with respect and resolution; the ghost answers only by making Hamlet a sign to follow him. Ah, do not follow him, said his friend; he that follows a ghost, is in danger of losing his senses; No matter, answers Hamlet, I will go with him. They endeavour to prevent him, but without success. "My destiny cries out to me to go, says he, and makes the smallest of my arteries as strong as the lyon of Nemea. Yes, I'll follow him, and I'll make a ghost of who ever opposes me."

Then he goes out with the ghost, and they both return soon after, quite familiar with each other. The ghost informs him, "That he is in purgatory, and that he is going to relate to him things that will make his hair stand on end like quills upon a porcupine. 'Tis thought, says he, that I died of the bite of a serpent in my garden; but the serpent is the man that wears my crown, it is my brother; and what is most horrible is, that he put me to death without my so much as receiving extreme unction; revenge me: farewell my son; glow-worms shew that the morning approaches; farewell, remember me." The friends of prince Hamlet then return, and ask him what the ghost had said. "It is a very honest ghost, answers the prince, but swear that you will divulge nothing of what it has entrusted me with." Immediately the voice of the ghost is heard, which cries out to Hamlet's

let's friends, "Swear." "You must swear by
"my sword," says the prince to them. The
ghost cries under ground, "Swear by his sword."
They swear. Hamlet goes with them without
forming any resolution. You may remember
that this same prince Hamlet was in love with
the lady Ophelia, daughter of lord Polonius,
great chamberlain, and sister of young Laertes,
who travels to France for his improvement. The
good man, Polonius, recommends his son Laertes
to his governor, and tells him in plain terms,
that the young man sometimes goes to the baw-
dy-house, and that he should be narrowly
watched. Whilst he is giving directions to the
governor, his daughter Ophelia enters in a ter-
rible fright, "Ah, my lord! whilst I was at
"work in my closet, prince Hamlet entered
"with his waistcoat unbuttoned, without hat
"or garters, with his stockings upon his heels,
"with knees trembling and knocking against
"each other, pale as his shirt: he a long time
"examined my face, as if he was going to draw
"it, shook my arm, shook his head, heaved
"several deep sighs, and went off like a blind
"man who gropes his way." The chamber-
lain, Polonius, who does not know that Hamlet
has seen a ghost, and that he may possibly have
lost his senses, thinks that his excessive love for
Ophelia may have turned his head; and here
the matter rests. The king and queen talk a
long time of the madness of the prince. Am-
bassadors from Norway arrive at court, and hear
this accident. The good man, Polonius, who
is an old dotard, much more crazy than Hamlet,
assures the king that he will take care of this
disordered person; "'Tis my duty, says he,
"for

“ for what is duty ? ’Tis duty just as day is
“ day, night night, and time time ; therefore
“ since brevity is the soul of wit, and loquacity
“ the body, I will be brief: Your noble son is
“ mad ; I call it mad : for what is madness but
“ being mad ? In fine, madam, he is mad ;
“ this is fact ; it is a great pity, it is a great
“ pity it should be true ; the only business now
“ is to find the cause of the effect. Now the
“ cause is, that I have a daughter.” To prove
that it was love that had deprived the prince of
his senses, he reads to the king and queen the
letters that Hamlet had written to Ophelia.

Whilst thus the king, the queen, and all the
court, talk of the melancholy condition of the
prince, he arrives in great disorder, and by his
discourse confirms the opinion that had been
conceived of his madness ; he however some-
times makes answers that discover a soul deeply
wounded, and which are replete with good sense.
The chamberlains, who have orders to amuse
him, propose to him to hear a company of co-
medians, who were just arrived. Hamlet talks
very rationally of plays ; the players act a scene
before him, he gives his opinion of it with
great good sense. Afterwards, when he is alone,
he declares “ that he is not so mad as he ap-
“ pears to be. What, says he, a player has
“ wept for Hecuba ! What’s Hecuba to him ?
“ What would he then do if his uncle and his
“ mother had poisoned his father, as Claudius
“ and Gertrude have poisoned mine ? Ah, curst
“ poisoner, assassin, fornicator, debauchee, base
“ villain, and I now, what an ass am I ? is
“ not this fine conduct in me, the son of a
“ king who has been poisoned, me, from whom
“ heaven

“ heaven and hell demand vengeance, to content myself with evaporating my resentment in words like a common whore? I am satisfied with cursing like a slut, a beggar-woman, a scullion.”

He then forms a resolution to avail himself of the above-mentioned players, to discover whether his uncle and his mother had in fact poisoned his father; for after all, says he, the apparition may have deceived me; it is perhaps the devil that hath spoken to me; this matter must be cleared up. Hamlet then directs the players to play a pantomime, in which one is to sleep, and another to pour poison into his ear. It is very certain, that if king Claudius is guilty, he will be greatly surprized when he sees the pantomime; he will turn pale, his guilt will be seen upon his face; Hamlet will be sure of the crime, and will have a right to revenge.

Thus said, thus done. The company comes and represents this scene in dumb shew before the king, the queen, and the whole court; and the dumb shew is succeeded by a scene in verse. The king and queen look upon these two scenes as highly impertinent; they suspect Hamlet of having played them this trick, and of not being quite so great a madman as he appeared to be; this idea gave them great perplexity; they trembled with fear of having been detected. What course could they take? King Claudius resolves to send Hamlet to England, upon pretext of curing his madness; and writes to his good friend the king of England, to desire it as a favour of him, that he would hang the young traveller upon the receipt of his letter.

But

But the queen is desirous of questioning and founding Hamlet before his departure; and for fear he should do some mischief in his madness, the old chamberlain, Polonius, hides himself behind a tapestry hanging, in order to come to the queen's assistance, if there should be occasion.

The prince, who was mad, or who pretended to be so, comes to confer with his mother Gertrude. In his way, he sees in a corner king Claudius, who was seized with a fit of remorse; he is afraid of being one day damned for having poisoned his brother, married his widow, and usurped his crown. He kneels down and makes a short prayer, not worth repeating. Hamlet, at first, has an inclination to take that time in order to kill him; but reflecting that Claudius is in a state of grace, because he is then offering up his prayers to God, he takes care not to kill him in such circumstances. "What
 " a fool should I be, says he, I should send him
 " directly to heaven, whereas he sent my father
 " to purgatory. Come, my sword, wait for
 " another time in order to stab him; wait till
 " he is drunk, gaming, or swearing, or till he
 " is in bed with some incestuous woman *, or
 " till he is doing some other deed that is not
 " likely to work out his salvation; then fall
 " upon him, that he may kick at heaven, and
 " that his soul may be damned, and black as
 " hell to which he will descend." This like-

* A mistranslation. The verse in Hamlet is,
 Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed.

Meaning in the embraces of Gertrude, who had been his brother's wife.

wife is a passage which Pope's commas direct us to admire.

Hamlet then having deferred the murder of Claudius, in order to damn him, comes to confer with his mother; and notwithstanding his madness, overwhelms her with such bitter reproaches of her crime, as pierce her to the very heart. The old chamberlain, Polonius, is apprehensive of his carrying matters too far; he cries out for help behind the hanging; Hamlet takes it for granted that it was the king who had hid himself there, to listen to their conversation; Ah mother, cries he, there is a great rat behind the hangings; he thereupon draws his sword, runs to the rat, and kills the good man Polonius. "Ah my son, what are you about?" cries the queen. "Mother, returns "Hamlet, it is the king that I have slain! It is "a wicked action to kill a king*; almost as "wicked, my good mother, as to kill a king "and lie with his brother." This conversation lasts a long time; and Hamlet, as he goes out, walks upon the dead body of the old chamberlain, and is ready to fall down†.

The good lord chamberlain was an old fool, and is represented as such, as has already been seen: his daughter Ophelia, who, no doubt, resembled him in this respect, becomes raving mad when she is informed of her father's death: she runs upon the stage with flowers and straw upon

* This passage is manifestly translated wrong.

† This circumstance is entirely of the invention of Mons. de Voltaire; not contented with depreciating Shakespeare, he even misrepresents him.

her head, sings ballads, and then goes and drowns herself. Thus there are three mad people in the play, the chamberlain, and Hamlet, without reckoning the other buffoons who play their parts.

The corps of Ophelia is taken out of the river, and her funeral is prepared. In the mean time king Claudius had made the prince embark for England; Hamlet, whilst upon his passage, had conceived a suspicion that he had been sent to London with some treacherous design: he finds in the pocket of one of the chamberlains his conductor, the letter of king Claudius to his friend the king of England, sealed with the great seal; in it he finds it earnestly recommended to the king of England to dispatch him the moment of his arrival. What does he do? He happened luckily to have the great seal of his father in his purse; he throws the letter into the sea, and writes another which he signs with the name of Claudius, and requests the king of England to hang the bearers upon their arrival; then he folds up the whole packet, and seals it with the seal of the kingdom.

This done, he finds a pretext for returning to court. The first thing he sees is two grave-diggers digging Ophelia's grave; these two labourers are likewise buffoons in the tragedy. They discuss the question, whether Ophelia should be buried in consecrated ground after having drowned herself? and they conclude that she should be buried in christian burial because she was a young lady of quality. Then they maintain that labourers are the most antient gentlemen upon earth, because they are of the same trade with Adam; but was Adam a gentleman? says one of the grave-diggers. Yes, answers the other,

other, for he was the first that ever bore arms. What, did he bear arms? says the grave-digger. Without doubt, says t'other, can a man till the ground without spades and pickaxes? He therefore bore arms, he was a gentleman.

In the midst of these fine harangues, and the songs sung by these gentlemen in the parish-church of the palace, arrives prince Hamlet with one of his friends, and they contemplate the skulls found by the grave-diggers. Hamlet thinks he has discovered the skull of a statesman able to cheat God, then that of a courtier, then the skull of a court lady, and of a knavish lawyer, and he is very liberal of his raileries upon the owners of those skulls. At last the skull of the king's jester is found, and it is concluded that there is not any great difference between the brain of Cæsar or Alexander and that of this jester; in fine, the grave is made whilst they thus dispute and sing. Holy-water is brought by the priests. The body of Ophelia is brought upon the stage. The king and queen follow the bier; Laertes in mourning accompanies the corps of his sister Ophelia; and when the body is laid in the ground, Laertes, frantic with grief, leaps into the grave. Hamlet, who remembers that he had once loved Ophelia, leaps in likewise. Laertes, enraged at seeing in the same grave with him the person who had killed the chamberlain Polonius, taking him for a rat, flies in his face; they wrestle in the grave, and the king causes them to be parted, in order to preserve decency in the funeral ceremonies.

In the mean time, king Claudius, who is a great politician, perceives that it is absolutely necessary to dispatch such a dangerous mad-man

as prince Hamlet; and since that young prince had not been hanged at London, it is thought highly proper that he should be dispatched in Denmark.

The artful Claudius has recourse to the following stratagem. He was used to poisoning: Hark ye, says he to young Laertes, prince Hamlet has killed your father, my great chamberlain; that you may have it in your power to revenge yourself, I shall propose to you a little piece of chivalry: I will lay a wager with you that in twelve passes you will not hit Hamlet three times; you shall fence with him before the whole court. You shall have a sharp foil, the point of which I have dipped in a poison exceeding subtle. If you unluckily should not be able to hit the prince, I will take care to have a bottle of poisoned wine ready for him upon the table. People that fence must drink: Hamlet will drink, and one way or other must lose his life. Laertes thinks the expedient, for amusement and revenge, admirably devised.

Hamlet accepts the challenge; bottles are placed upon the table; two champions appear with foils in their hands in the presence of king Claudius, queen Gertrude, and the whole Danish court; they fence; Laertes wounds Hamlet with his poisoned foil. Hamlet, finding himself wounded, cries out, Treachery; and, in a rage, tears the poisoned foil from Laertes, stabs him, and stabs the king: queen Gertrude, in a fright, drinks, in order to recover herself; thus she is poisoned likewise; and all four, that is, king Claudius, Gertrude, Laertes, and Hamlet, die upon the stage.

It

It is remarkable that an express just then arrives that the two chamberlains, who had sailed for England with the packet sealed with the great seal of England, had been dispatched upon their landing. Thus there does not remain one person of the drama alive: but, to supply the place of the deceased, there is one Fort-en-bras, a relation of the family, who had conquered Poland during the representation of the piece, and who comes at the conclusion of it to offer himself as a candidate for the throne of Denmark.

This is the whole plan of the celebrated tragedy of Hamlet, the master-piece of the London theatre. Such is the work that is preferred to Cinna!

Here there are two important questions to be solved: the first is, how so many wonderful things could be generated in one head alone? For it must be acknowledged that all the plays of the divine Shakespear are in the very same taste. The second is, how audiences have been able to work themselves up to see these pieces with transport, and how they can still be attended to in an age which has produced the Cato of Addison?

The astonishment occasioned by the first wonder, will cease entirely when it is known that Shakespear has taken the subjects of all his tragedies from history or romances; and that he has done nothing more than turn into dialogues the romances of Claudius, Gertrude and Hamlet, written entirely by Saxo the grammarian, to whom the whole glory of the performance is due.

The second part of the question, that is, the pleasure taken in seeing these tragedies, is somewhat

what more difficult to be accounted for ; but this seems to be the reason of it, according to the profound reflexions of certain philosophers :

Chairmen, sailors, hackney-coachmen, prentice boys, butchers and clerks, are passionately fond of fights ; give them cock-fights, bull-fights, or prize-fighters, buryings, duels, executions, witchcraft and ghosts, and they croud to the theatre ; many a nobleman is as curious as the populace. The citizens of London found in the tragedies of Shakespeare every thing that can please the curious. Those at court were obliged to conform to the current taste : how could they avoid admiring what the most rational of the citizens admired ? There was nothing better to be seen during a hundred and fifty years ; admiration gathered strength, and was converted into idolatry. A few strokes of genius, a few happy lines replete with nature and force, which spectators got by heart whether they would or no, procured indulgence for the rest ; and soon the whole piece succeeded by means of a few detached beauties.

Certain it is, that such beauties are to be met with in Shakespeare. Mr. de Voltaire is the first that caused them to be known in France ; it is he who taught us, about thirty years ago, the names of Milton and Shakespeare : but the translations which he has given us of some passages of these authors, are they faithful ? He apprizes us himself that they are not ; he has rather copied than translated. In this manner he has rendered in verse the soliloquy of Hamlet at the beginning of the second scene of the third act :

De.

*Demeure, il faut choisir & passer à l'instant
De la vie à la mort, & de l'être au néant,
Dieux justes, s'il en est, éclairez mon courage.
Faut-il vieillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage,
Supporter ou finir mon malheur & mon sort ?
Qui suis je ? Qui m'arrête ? Et qu'est-ce que la
mort ?*

*C'est la fin de nos meaux, c'est mon unique azyle ;
Après des longs transports c'est un sommeil tranquille.
On s'endort & tout meurt : mais un affreux reveil
Doit succéder peut-être au douceurs du sommeil.
On nous menace, on dit que cette courte vie
De tourmens éternels est aussitôt suivie.
O mort ! moment fatal ! affreuse éternité !
Tout cœur a ton seul nom se glace épouvanté.
Eh ! qui pourroit sans ton supporter cette vie ?
De nos fourbes puissants bénir l'hypocrisie ?
D'une indigne maîtresse encenser les erreurs ?
Ramper sous une ministre, adorer ses hauteurs ?
Et montrer les langueurs de son ame abbatue
A des amis ingrats qui détournent la vue ?
La mort seroit trop douce en ces extremitez ;
Mais le scrupule parle & nous crie, arrêtez.
Il défend a nos mains cet heureux homicide,
Ee d'un heros guerrier fait un chretien timide, &c.*

*Let's make a choice, and in a moment pass
From life to death, from being to the grave.
Just gods, if gods there be, instruct my soul.
Must I grow grey beneath oppression's weight ;
Support or end at once my life and woe ?
What holds my hand, what is it then to die ?
Death is the end of all our ills, 'tis rest ;
After much tossing, 'tis a sleep profound.
But we are menac'd, we are told that death
Is follow'd by eternal punishments.*

Oh death ! dire moment ! oh eternity !

Each heart with horror shrinks to hear thee
nam'd.

Wer't not for thee, who could this life endure ?

Who'd bear to cringe and fawn on knaves in
pow'r ?

Who would a mistress' follies idolize ;

Adore the caprice of a minister ;

And shew the sorrows of his wounded soul

To those who see his grief with scornful eyes ?

Death were a good in these extremities ;

But conscience speaks, it cries, Rash mortal, hold.

Conscience forbids this happy homicide,

And of the brave it timid christians makes.

After this piece of poetry, the reader is requested to cast his eye upon the literal translation*.

Through all the obscurity of this literal translation, which can only render each word of the English by the word which answers to it in French, it is easy to discover the genius of the English language; its natural turn, which is neither afraid of the lowest or of the most gigantic ideas; its energy, which other nations would look upon as harshness; its boldnesses, which minds not accustomed to foreign turns of expression would look upon as bombast : but under these veils may be discovered profoundness, something that engages and that affects much more than eloquence could. Hence it is that almost all the

* Here follows a literal translation in French, which it was thought entirely unnecessary to translate, as it renders Shakespeare's meaning word for word, and would have laid us under a necessity of almost transcribing him.

English have this soliloquy by heart. It is an unpolished diamond that has spots; but if it was polished it would lose part of its weight.

There, perhaps, is not a more striking example of the diversity of tastes in different nations. After this let critics talk of the laws of Aristotle, the three unities, decency, and the necessity of never leaving the stage empty as well as of never making any person of the drama enter or go out without an obvious reason; of connecting an intrigue with art, and unravelling it naturally; of expressing one's self in terms at once noble and simple; of making princes speak in such a manner as becomes their quality, and as they would chuse to do; of never deviating from the rules of language: It is evident that there is a way of charming a whole nation without taking all this trouble.

If Shakespeare, for these reasons, bears the palm from Corneille, we will acknowledge that Racine is contemptible, in comparison of the tender and elegant Orway. To be convinced of this, it will be sufficient to cast an eye upon the following abstract of the tragedy intitled the Orphan.

PLAN of the ORPHAN.

AN old gentleman of Bohemia, named Acasto, had retired to his castle with his two sons, Castalio and Polydore: it is true, these are no more Bohemian names, than that of Claudius is Danish. Serina his daughter lives with him; he has also at his house a Monimia, who is very different from the Monimia of Racine. This young lady was intrusted to his care by her deceased father. In the castle of lord Acasto there is a chaplain, a page, and two

H

valets-

valets-de-chambre: this is the retinue of the good man, at least all of it that is seen upon the stage. Add to these, Serina's maid, and a brother of Monimia's, a passionate man, just come from Hungary, and you have all the persons of the drama.

If the tragedy of Hamlet is opened by two centinels, that of the Orphan is opened by two domestics; for great men should by all means be imitated. These domestics talk of their good master Acasto, and his two sons, Castalio and Polydore, whose only amusement is hunting. Not to keep the reader any longer in suspense, it is proper to inform him, that if he suspects that the two brothers are both in love with Monimia, as in Racine, he is not mistaken; but he will, in all likelihood, be somewhat surprized at being told that Castalio, one of the brothers, who is loved by Monimia, gives his dear Polydore leave to lie with her if he can; he is satisfied, provided he himself may have the same liberty; for he swears that he has no desire to marry her, and "that he will marry when he is old, in order to mortify the flesh."

However, immediately after having thus declared against marriage, he privately marries Monimia, and Acasto's chaplain gives them the nuptial benediction. During these transactions, Mr. Chamont, brother of Monimia, arrives from Hungary; this Mr. Chamont is a very odd man, and very hard to be pleased; he immediately asks his sister whether she has her maidenhead*? Monimia swears to him that her

* This passage sufficiently shews how unfairly Mr. de Voltaire plays the critic upon English Authors; there is no such low expression in the tragedy refer'd to.

honour is unviolated. "Ah, wherefore have
 "you any doubt concerning my maidenhead,
 "brother?" says she.—"Hear me, my sister,
 "says Chamont, I not long since had a dream
 "in Hungary; my bed shook, I saw you be-
 "tween two young fellows, who caressed you,
 "turn about. I took my great sword, I ran to
 "them; and upon waking, I found that I had
 "pierced the figured tapestry, just at a place
 "that represented the * Theban brothers, Poli-
 "nices and Etheocles, killing one another."

"Well, brother, says Monimia, since you
 "have been tormented in your sleep, you must
 "torment me waking." "Oh, this is not all,
 "sister, do not justify yourself too fast. As I
 "walked along, thinking of my dream, I met
 "a toothless old hag, bent double with age,
 "her vaulted back was clothed with a piece of
 "an old hanging, her thighs were hardly co-
 "vered by rags of all sorts of colours (variety of
 "wretchedness) she gathered a few sticks, she
 "asked me where I was going, and bid me make
 "haste, if I desired to preserve my sister: in fine,
 "she spoke to me of Castalio and Polydore."

Monimia is greatly surprized at this adven-
 ture: she immediately confesses that she was en-
 gaged to Castalio; but she swears to her bro-
 ther, that she had never lain with him.

Mr. Chamont is by no means satisfied with
 this confession; he is a rough man, as has been

* It seems probable that Mr. de Voltaire had not Otway's
 piece by him when he wrote this, otherwise it is hardly
 possible to conceive how he could give such a translation of
 the following passage of Otway:

I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
 Just where the fatal tale was interwoven,
 How the unhappy Theban slew his father,

already hinted ; he goes in quest of the chaplain. " Come, says he, Mr. Gravity, tell me, " are not you chaplain to the family ? " " And " you, Sir, are you not an officer ? " returns the chaplain. " Yes, friend," says Chamont. " I * was once an officer myself, says the chaplain, but my friends consigned me to the church ; yet I am an honest man, though I wear black ; I am tolerably respected in the family ; I do not pretend to know more than other people, I concern myself about nobody's affairs but my own ; I rise early, study little, eat and drink merrily ; and for this my behaviour am held in esteem by every body." " Did you know old Chamont, my father ? " says the officer. " Yes, says the chaplain, I was greatly concerned for his death." " What, you loved him ? " says Chamont, I could embrace you for that : tell me, do you think Castalio loves my sister ? " " Do I think he loves her ? " says the chaplain. " Aye, do you think he loves her ? " replies Chamont. " Faith I never asked him," answers the chaplain, and I am surprised you should ask me such a question," " Ah hypocrite, cries Chamont, you are like all those of your profession, a good for nothing fellow ; you have not courage to speak the truth, and you pretend to teach it : are you a party concerned in this affair ? What do you do in it ? Curse upon the villain's serious face ; you goggle your eyes just as bawds do ; they talk of heaven, they look devoutly, and tell lies ; they preach like a priest, and thou art a bawd †."

* Wrong translated.

† It is a question in O'way : " Art thou a bawd ? "

What is pleasant enough is, that the chaplain, won by these obliging expressions, owns that he had that morning married Castalio and Monimia in a garret*.

The brother is well enough satisfied, and goes with the chaplain. The married couple arrive; nothing remains but to consummate the marriage. Those that are not let into the secret might think, from what had passed before, that this ceremony was to be performed on the stage; but the modest Monimia only bids her husband come and knock three times at her chamber door, when all the family should be asleep. Polydore, the brother, hears what was said from between the side scenes; and not knowing that his brother Castalio is Monimia's husband, he resolves to be beforehand with him, and to go without delay and make sure of Monimia's first favours. He addresses himself to the little rogue of a page, promises him sweetmeats and money, if he would amuse his brother Castalio during part of the night: the page plays his part admirably; he talks to Castalio of Monimia's love, of her garters, and her breasts; he is for singing him a song; and thus he makes him lose time.

Polydore did not lose his; he went to Monimia's door, he struck three times gently, the maid opened to him; and thus he contrived to lie with his brother's wife.

At last Castalio comes to the door, and gives three gentle raps; the servant, who ought to know both him and his brother by their voices, does not so much as apprehend a mistake; she

* In the original, it is in a grove.

thinks that Polydore is the pretended husband who desires admittance, and that it is the true husband Castalio who is in bed; she bids him go about his business, tells him he is a madman; it is to no purpose for him to tell his name, she shuts the door in his face; he is treated by the maid just as Amphitrion is by Sofia.

Polydore having reaped the fruits of his stratagem, probably without uttering a single word, leaves his conquest, and returns to his own bed. Castalio, who was refused admittance, is seized with despair, becomes frantic, rolls himself upon the floor, inveighs against the whole sex; and concludes, that from the time of Eve, who fell in love with the devil, and damned the human species, women have always given rise to ills of every kind.

Monimia, who rose in haste to meet her dear Castalio, in whose company she hoped to enjoy some rapturous moments, meets him, and is going to embrace him; he treats her with the utmost cruelty, and pulls her by the hair off the stage.

Mr. Chamont, who still remembers his dream, and the old witch he had met, comes with great gravity to ask his sister an account of the consummation of her marriage. The poor woman owns that her husband, after having past the night with her in raptures, had dragged her about by the hair upon the floor.

This Chamont, who is not to be trifled with, goes in quest of the father (who by the bye had been taken ill during the representation of the tragedy, through his great age) he speaks to him in the same tone that he had before spoken to the chaplain; "Do you know, says he,
" that

“that your son Castalio has married my sister?”
“I am sorry for it,” answers the good man.
“How! sorry for it! says Chamont; by God
“there’s not a nobleman that might not be
“proud to marry my sister: but damn me he
“has used her ill; either teach him manners, or
“I’ll set your house on fire.” “Well, well,
“I’ll do you justice, farewell, my dear boy.”
says Acasto.

The poor father goes in quest of his son Castalio, in order to examine him with regard to what had passed; whilst he is in conversation with him, Polydore is desirous of knowing how Monimia was, after having passed the night with him; he thinks he had only enjoyed his brother’s mistress in virtue of the permission he had received from him: this discourse makes Monimia begin to suspect her mistake; in fine, Polydore owns that he had enjoyed her; Monimia faints away, and recovers her senses only to abandon herself to the transports of despair.

If such a subject, such language, and such manners, disgust persons of taste all over Europe, they ought to excuse the author: he never so much as suspected that there was any thing extravagant in his piece: he dedicates it to the duchess of Cleveland with the same simplicity and want of art with which he wrote it; he congratulates that lady upon having had two children by Charles the Second.

SHORT REFLEXIONS.

We are fully sensible how much the Monimia of Racine in Mithridates, is inferior to the Monimia of Mr. Thomas Otway; it is the same author who wrote Venice Preserved: it is

a pity this Venice Preserved has not been translated with exactness ; we are deprived of a senator who bites the legs of his mistress, who plays the dog, who barks, and is whipt out of doors ; we should likewise have had the pleasure of seeing a scaffold, a wheel, a priest who comes to exhort captain Pierre at his execution, and who is abused and bid to go about his business by the latter ; there are many other strokes of this nature, which the translator has omitted in compliance with our false delicacy.

We cannot sufficiently lament that the translator has, with the same cruelty, deprived us of the finest scenes of Shakespeare's Othello. With what pleasure should we have seen the first scene at Venice, and the last at Cyprus ! First of all, a Moor runs away with the daughter of a senator : Iago, the Moor's officer, runs to the window of the father's house ; the father appears in his shirt at the window. " Zounds, says he, " put on your cloaths ; a black ram has got " upon your white ewe ; come, come, rise and " come down, or the devil will make you a " grandfire.

SENATOR.

" What's the matter, what would you be at ?
Are you a mad man ?

IAGO.

" Zounds, Sir, are you one of those who
" would not serve God if the devil forbid them ?
" We are come to do you a service, and you
" take us for ruffians ; I tell you your daughter
" will be cover'd by a Barbary horse ; your
" grand-children will neigh after you, and Afri-
" can nags will be your cousin Germans.

SENA-

SENATOR.

“What profane rogue talks to me at this rate?”

IAGO.

“Know that your daughter Desdemona and the Moor Othello now make the beast with two backs.”

This same Iago accompanies to Cyprus the Moor Othello and the lady Desdemona, whom the senate of Venice kindly grants, in † spight of the father, for a wife to the Moor, whom they appoint governor of Cyprus.

Scarce are they arrived in that island, when Iago undertakes to make the Moor jealous of his wife, and to inspire him with a suspicion of her fidelity. The Moor begins to feel some inquietude, he makes the following reflexions. “After all, says he, what sense had I of the pleasure that others had given her, and of her debauchery? I did not see it, it did not hurt me, I slept as well as usual. When a thing has been stolen from us of which we had no occasion, if we are ignorant of the theft, we have lost nothing. I had been happy if the whole army, and even the pioneers, had enjoyed her, so as I had known nothing of the matter.——Oh no——farewell all content——farewell the plumed troops, farewell the proud war that makes a virtue of ambition, farewell the neighing steeds and the shrill trumpets, the fife that pierces the ear, and the drum that excites the courage, the royal banner,

† This is false, for Brabantio, in Shakespeare, consents to the match as soon as his daughter declares in favour of Othello.

“and all the ranks, pride, pomp, and various
 “circumstances of glorious war; and you, you
 “mortal engines, whose rude throats imitate
 “those of the immortal Jupiter; farewell,
 “Othello has now no occupation.”

This is another of the admirable passages distinguished by Pope's commas.

IAGO.

“Is it possible, my Lord?”

OTHELLO, *taking him by the throat.*

“Villain, prove that my wife's a whore, give
 “me an ocular proof of it; or by the worth of
 “the eternal soul of man, it would have been
 “better for you, you had been born a dog.”

IAGO.

“This office by no means pleases me; but
 “since I have gone so far through pure honesty
 “and friendship for you, I will proceed. I lay
 “the other night with your lieutenant Cassio;
 “and could not sleep for the tooth-ach. You
 “cannot but know that there are people so loose
 “of soul, that in their sleep they talk of their
 “affairs; Cassio is one of these: he said in his
 “sleep, Dear Desdemona, let us be careful,
 “let us hide our loves. In speaking, he took
 “me by the hand, he patted me, he cried, Oh,
 “charming creature! he kissed me with trans-
 “port, as if he had by the roots torn up kisses
 “planted upon my lips, he put his † thighs upon
 “my legs, he sighed, he breathed short, he
 “kissed me, he cried out, Curst fate which has
 “given you to the Moor!”

Upon these proofs, so very decently related,
 and the handkerchief of Othello, which Cassio

† Wrong translated,

had found by accident, the Moorish general strangles his wife in her bed; but he kisses her before he puts her to death. "Come, says he, "die thou whore." "Ah, kill me to-morrow, "let me live to-night," says she. "Wretch, "if you stir"—cries he. "Give me but one "half hour," says she. "No"—answers he. "After that I will delay you no longer; let me "at least say me prayers," says she. "No, it "is too late" answers Othello. He strangles her; and Desdemona, after she is strangled, cries out that she is innocent.

When Desdemona is dead, the senate recalls Othello: he is seized in order to be carried to Venice to take his trial. "Hold, says he, a "word or two: Tell the senate, that one day "at Aleppo I found a turban'd Turk, who "beat a Venetian, and made a jest of the re- "public; I took by the beard the circumcised "dog, and smote him thus." At these words, he stabs himself.

A French translator, who has given us sketches of several English pieces, and amongst others, of the Moor of Venice, partly in verse, partly in prose, has not translated any of these important passages which we have laid before our readers; he makes Othello express himself thus:

*L'art n'est pas fait pour moi; c'est un fard que je
bais,*

*Dites leur qu'Othello plus amoureux que sage,
Quoique epou s'adoré, jaloux jusques a la rage,
Trompé par un esclave, aveuglé par l'erreur
Immola son epouse, & se perça le cœur.*

Art I detest, I all disguise abhor.
 Say that Othello, more in love than wife,
 Impos'd on by a slave, with error blind,
 Murder'd his wife, then pierc'd his guilty breast.

There is not a word of this in the original ;
l'art n'est pas fait pour moi, is taken from the
 tragedy of Zara, but the rest is not.

The reader now has it in his power to decide
 the dispute for pre-eminence between the tra-
 gedies of London and Paris.



O F

The several R E V O L U T I O N S.

Which have happened in the

T R A G I C A R T.

WH O would think it, that the tragic art
 is partly due to Minos ! if one of the
 infernal judges is the inventor of this species of
 poetry, it is no wonder it should be of a nature
 somewhat gloomy : a more gay origin is, gene-
 rally speaking, assigned to it. Thespis and other
 drunkards are thought to have introduced this
 shew amongst the Greeks at the time of vin-
 tage ; but if we may credit what Plato says in his
 dialogue, entitled Minos, there were dramatic
 pieces played during the reign of this prince.
 Thespis carried his actors about in a cart. But
 in Crete and other countries, long before the
 age

age of Thespis, actors performed only in the temples. Tragedy, at its first invention, was consecrated to the gods; hence the hymns of the chorus's almost always turn upon the praises of the gods in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. A poet was not permitted to present the public with a piece till he was forty years of age; they were called *Tragedidaskaloi*, doctors in tragedy. Their works were represented only at the time of the great festivals; the money spent by the public upon these spectacles was a sacred treasure.

Eubulus, or Eubolis, or Ebylys, made a law to punish with death whoever should propose applying this money to prophane purposes. For this reason Demosthenes, in his second Olynthian, uses so much caution and address in order to engage the Athenians to spend this money in the war against Philip; it is much the same thing as if an attempt should be made in Italy to pay soldiers with the treasure of our lady of Loretto.

These public diversions were, amongst the Greeks, connected with their religious ceremonies. It is well known that amongst the Egyptians, songs, dances and representations made an essential part of the ceremonies reputed sacred. The Jews borrowed these customs of the Egyptians, as every ignorant and barbarous nation endeavours to imitate its learned and polite neighbours; hence those Jewish festivals, those dances of priests before the ark, those trumpets, those hymns, and so many other ceremonies entirely Egyptian.

This is not all; the truly great tragedies, the awful and terrible representations were sacred mysteries which were celebrated in the greatest temples

temples of the earth in the presence of the initiated alone ; there the habits, the decorations, and the machines, were adapted to the subject, and the subject related to the present life as well as to that which is to come.

At first it was a great chorus, at the head of which was the Hierophantes : “ Prepare, cried he, to see with the eyes of the soul, the governor of the universe. He is single, he is alone self-existent, and all other beings owe their existence to him ; he extends his power and his works every where ; he sees all things ; he cannot be seen by mortals.”

This strophe was repeated by the chorus ; silence was kept for some time after ; this was a true prologue. The piece began by darkness spread over the theatre ; actors appeared by the feeble glimmering of a lamp ; they wandered upon mountains, and descended into caves ; they hit one another ; they marched like wild people ; their discourse and their gestures expressed the uncertainty of human conduct and all the errors of our lives. The scene changed ; hell appeared in all its horror ; criminals confessed their crimes, and acknowledged the justice of divine vengeance. Of this Virgil gives an admirable detail, in the sixth book of his *Æneid*, which is nothing else but a description of the mysteries ; and this proves that he is not in the wrong in putting these words in the mouth of Phlegias :

Be just ye mortals, and the gods revere.

The fool in Scarron makes a mistake when he says :

This was indeed said very well,
But what's advice, when giv'n in hell ?

It

It was of use to the spectators. At last the Elysian fields, inhabited by the just, were seen: they sung the goodness of God, of one only God the architect of the universe; they instructed the spectators in all their duties. In this manner Stobeus speaks of these sublime exhibitions, of which some faint traces are to be found in the scattered fragments of antiquity.

Amongst the Romans, comedy was admitted after the first Punic war, in order to accomplish a vow which was made in order to avert a plague, and to appease the gods, as Livy informs us in his seventh book. It was a very solemn act of religion. The pieces of Livius Andronicus made a part of the holy ceremony of the secular games. There never was a theatre without images of the gods and altars.

The Christians held the Pagan ceremonies in the same horror with the Jews, though they retained some of them. The first fathers of the church were desirous of separating the Christians from the Gentiles in every respect; they declaimed loudly against exhibitions. The theatre, which was the place of residence of the inferior divinities of the antients, appeared to them the devil's empire. Tertullian the African, says, in his book concerning theatrical exhibitions, that "The devil raises actors upon buskins to give the lye to Jesus Christ, who has declared that no man can add a cubit to his stature." St. Gregory of Nazianzen opened a Christian theatre, as we are told by Sozomenes; one St. Apollinarius did as much; it is Sozomenes likewise who informs us of this in his ecclesiastical history. The subjects of these pieces were taken from the Old and New Testament; it seems highly probable

bable that a tradition concerning these theatrical performances gave rise to the mysteries which were for some time represented almost all over Europe.

Castelvetro assures us, in his Treatise upon Poetry, that the passion of Jesus Christ was played from time immemorial throughout all Italy. We imitated these representations of the Italians, from whom we derive every art; and we began to imitate them very late; as we have done in all the liberal as well as mechanical arts.

We did not begin these exercises till about the fourteenth century: the citizens of Paris made their first essays at St. Maur. The mysteries were represented at Paris upon the entry of Charles VI. in the year 1380.

It is generally thought that these pieces were scandalous exhibitions, indecent pleasantries upon the mysteries of our holy religion, upon a God's being born in a stable, upon the ox and the ass, upon the star that guided the three kings, upon those kings themselves, upon the jealousy of Joseph, &c. We may form a judgment of this from our Christmas gambols, which are pleasantries as comic as blameable, and improper upon all these ineffable events. Almost every body has heard of the verses with which one of these tragedies concerning the Passion begins:

*Matthieu ? Plait-il Dieu ?
Prends ton épéu.
Prendrai-je aussi mon épée ?
Oui & suis moi en Galilé.*

Mat-

Matthew? thy will God let me know,
Take up your staff without delay.
Shall I not take my sword also?
Do, and to Galilee take thy way.

It is said, that in the tragedy of the Resurrection, an angel speaks to God the Father in terms that are absolutely blasphemous.

There is not a word of this in the mysterious pieces which have reached our times; these works were, for the most part, extremely serious; there was nothing worthy of censure in them, but the uncouth language spoken in those days: they consisted of the holy scripture reduced to dialogues, and represented in actions; in them, choruses sung the praises of God: there was more pomp and magnificence of decoration upon the stage than was ever seen by us; the city company consisted of above a hundred actors, exclusive of attendants, servants, and scene-drawers: accordingly the house was crowded, and a single box, for the time of Lent, was hired for twenty crowns, even before the establishment of the Hotel de Bourgogne. This appears from the register of the parliament of Paris for the year 1541.

Preachers complained that their sermons were no longer frequented, for the monologue was always jealous of the dialogue: the sermons were very far from being as decent as the dramatic pieces of those ages: those who desire to be convinced of this, need only read the sermons of Menot, and of all his contemporaries.

In

In 1541, however, the attorney-general, by his requisition of the 9th of November, maintains, in article the 2d, that “ Sermons are
“ much more decent than mysteries, as they are
“ preached by divines, of learning and knowledge ; whereas the acts are exhibited by
“ illiterate persons.”

Without entering into any longer detail upon the mysteries, and the moral pieces that succeeded them, it will be sufficient to say, that the Italians, who first exhibited these plays, were the first who relinquished them : cardinal Bibiena, pope Leo X. and the archbishop Trifino, restored the theatre of the Greeks as far as they were able ; there was not then an insolent pedant to be found, who had the impudence to think he could brand the art of Sophocles, which the popes themselves had undertook to revive in Rome.

The city of Vicenza, in 1514, was at a vast expence to represent the first tragedy that had been seen in Rome since the downfall of the empire : it was played in the town-house, and spectators repaired to it from the extremities of Italy. The piece is the work of the archbishop Trifino ; it is noble, regular, and wrote with purity of language : it has chorusses ; the spirit of antiquity breathes through it : the author may, however, be reproached for his prolix declamation, his want of intrigue, and languor ; these were the faults of the Greeks ; he copied them too much in their faults, but he attained to some of their excellencies. Two years after, the pope, Leo X. caused the Rosamonda of Ruccelai to be represented at Florence, with a mag-

nificence greatly surpassing that of Vicenza. Italy was divided between Ruccelai and Trifino.

Comedy rose long before by the genius of cardinal Bibiena, who gave the Calandra in 1482. After him came the comedies of the immortal Ariosto, then the famous Mandragora of Machiavel; in fine, the taste for pastoral prevailed. The Aminta of Tasso had the success it deserved, and the Pastor fido had still greater. An hundred passages of the Pastor fido both formerly were, and still are known by heart all over Europe; they will pass to the latest posterity; nothing is really excellent but what all nations acknowledge to be so: that people is to be pitied that is single in admiring its music, its painting, its eloquence, or its poetry.

Whilst the Pastor fido charmed all Europe, whilst whole scenes of it were repeated every where, whilst it was translated into all the languages of Europe, in what a state were polite literature and the theatres in other countries? They were in the same state in which we were all, that is, in a state of barbarism. The Spaniards had their *autos sacramentales*, that is, their sacramental acts. Lopez de Vega, a genius worthy to be the reformer of that age, was subdued by his age: he says, that, in order to please, he is under a necessity of locking up ancient authors of merit, lest they should reproach him with his absurdities: in one of his best pieces, entitled Don Raymond, this Don Raymond, son to the king of Navarre, is disguised like a clown; the Infanta of Leon, his mistress, is disguised like a faggot-maker; a prince of Leon like

like a pilgrim. The scene is partly laid at a public house.

With regard to the French, what were their favourite books and theatrical exhibitions? Garagaritua's Chapter upon Bum-fodder, the Oracle of the Bottle, and the pieces of Christian and Hardy. Seventy two years passed from the time of Jodelle, who in the reign of Henry II. had made a vain attempt to revive the art of the Greeks, without anything supportable being once produced by the French : at last, Mairet, gentleman to the duke of Montmorenci, after having long struggled with the depraved taste of his age, composed his tragedy of Sophonisba, which has not the least resemblance to that of the archbishop of Triffino. It is somewhat singular, that the revival of the theatre, and of the rules of dramatic poetry, should begin both in Italy and France by a piece entitled Sophonisba. This piece of Mairet's is the first we have in which the three unities are not violated ; it served as a model to most of the tragedies which were wrote afterwards : it was played in 1629, a little before Corneille began to cultivate tragedy ; and it was so well liked, notwithstanding its faults, that the piece which Corneille afterwards wrote upon the same subject, had no success ; therefore that of Mairet opened the true carriere of tragedy, into which Rotrou entered, and this poet surpassed his master : his tragedy of Wincelaus is still played ; it is indeed a very faulty piece, but the first scene of it, and almost all the fourth act, are master-pieces.

Corneille afterwards made his appearance ; his Medea, which is meerly declamatory, had some success ; but the Cid, an imitation of a
Spanish

Spanish tragedy, was the first piece whose reputation was extended beyond France, and that obtained all suffrages, except those of cardinal de Richelieu and Scuderi. Every body knows to what pitch of sublimity Corneille soared in the fine scenes of the *Horatii* and *Cinna*, in the characters of *Cornelia* and *Severus*, and in the fifth act of *Rodogune*. If *Medea*, *Partharite*, *Theodore*, *Œdipus*, *Berenice*, *Surena*, *Otho*, *Sophonisba*, *Pulcheria*, *Agésilas*, *Attila*, *Don Sancho*, and the *Golden Fleece*, were altogether unworthy of him ; his fine pieces, and the admirable passages scattered up and down in the indifferent ones, will cause him to be always justly considered as the father of tragedy.

It is unnecessary to speak here of the poet who rived and even surpassed this great man, when his genius began to decline. Authors were then no longer allowed to neglect language and the art of versification in their tragedies ; and whatever was not written with the elegance of *Racine* was despised.

It is true, we have been reproached, and not without reason, that our theatre was an eternal school of gallantry, and of a sort of coquetry which has in it nothing of a tragic nature. *Corneille* has been justly censured for having made *Theseus* and *Dirce* talk of love during the time of the plague ; for having put little ridiculous pieces of coquetry in the mouth of *Cleopatra* ; and finally, for having almost always treated love in an unaffecting manner in his works, without ever making it a strong passion, except in the phrenzy of *Camilla*, and the tender scenes of the *Cid*, which he borrowed from the *Guillem de Castro*, and unadorned. The elegant *Racine*

cine was not reproached with insipid courtship and low expressions; but it was soon perceived that almost all his pieces, as well as those of succeeding authors, contained a declaration of love, a quarrel, a reconciliation, and a scene of jealousy. It has been asserted, that this uniformity of little unaffecting intrigues would have greatly debased the tragedies of this amiable poet, if he had not known how to conceal this defect by all the charms of poetry, the graces of diction, the sweetness of a soft eloquence, and all the resources of art.

Amongst the striking beauties of our theatre, there was another concealed defect which was not perceived, because the public could not of itself have ideas superior to those of these great masters. This defect was first taken notice of by St. Evremont: he says that “our pieces do
“not make an impression sufficiently strong; that
“what should excite compassion, causes at most
“only tenderness; that emotion holds the
“place of agitation, astonishment of horror;
“and that our sentiments are almost always defective in the profound.”

It must be acknowledged that St. Evremont has laid his finger upon the secret wound of the French theatre: critics may talk ever so much of St. Evremont's being the author of the wretched comedy of *Sir Politic Wou'd-be*, and of that of the opera; that his little poems, wrote for the amusement of company, are the most insipid of any extant in our language, that he only piddled with phrases; notwithstanding all this, an author entirely destitute of genius, may have a considerable share of penetration and taste. He, doubtless, shewed a very just taste when he thus

discovered the cause why most of our pieces are so languishing.

We have almost always wanted a degree of warmth; every other quality we possess. The source of this languor, of this weak monotony was partly that little spirit of gallantry then so dear to the courtiers, and to women which converted tragedy into conversations in the spirit of those of Clelia. Other tragedies were sometimes long political debates; these have spoiled Sertorius, rendered Otho altogether insipid, and have made Surena and Attila quite insupportable. But another reason prevented authors from employing much of the pathetic upon the stage, and made it impossible for an action represented to be compleatly tragic; this was the construction of the theatre, and the narrowness of the place of exhibition. Our theatres were in comparison of those of the Greeks and Romans, what our market places, our Greve, and our little village fountains, to which water-carriers repair to fill their pails, are in comparison of the aqueducts, the fountains of Agrippa, the Forum Trajani, the Coliseum and the Capitol.

Our theatres deserved excommunication, no doubt, when buffoons hired a tennis-court to play Cinna upon boards, and when these ignorant creatures, dressed like mountebanks, personated Cæsar and Augustus in full-bottomed wigs and laced hats.

The stage was then altogether low and despicable. Comedians had a patent, they bought a tennis-court, they formed a company as merchants form a society. This was not the theatre of Pericles. What could they perform upon about a score of boards loaden with spectators?

What

What pomp or magnificence could entertain the eye? What grand theatrical action could be carried into execution? What liberty could the imagination of the poet enjoy? There was a necessity for pieces to consist of long narratives; a dramatic piece was rather a concatenation of conversations than an action. Every performer was desirous of shining in a long soliloquy; they rejected a piece that was without such: Corneille was obliged to open his tragedy of Cinna with Emilia's unnecessary soliloquy, which is now omitted.

This form excluded all theatrical action, all emphatical expressions of the passions, those striking pictures of human misery, those terrible and affecting strokes which tear the heart; it was only touched by the poet, it should have been torn. Declamation, which, till the time of mademoiselle La Couvreur was a measured recitative, a noted song in a manner obstructed still farther those sallies of nature which are represented by a word, by an attitude, by silence, by a cry which escapes in the anguish of grief. These strokes were first made known to us by mademoiselle Dumesnil, when in Merope, with distracted eyes and a broken voice, she, raising her trembling hand, prepared to sacrifice her own son; when Narbas stopped her; when, letting her dagger fall, she was seen to faint away in the arms of her women; when she started from this momentary death with the transports of a mother, and when afterwards, darting forward to Polifontes and crossing the stage in an instant, she, with tears in her eyes, a face as pale as death, thick sobs, and arms extended, cried out, "*Barbare, il est mon fils*;" "Wretch, he

“ is my son.” We have seen Baron, his deportment was noble and becoming; but that was his whole excellence. Mademoiselle La Couvreur had grace, just expression, simplicity, truth and dignity, combined with ease; but for the grand pathetic of action, we saw the first instance of it in mademoiselle Dumesnil.

Something still superior, if possible, we have seen in mademoiselle Clairon, and the player who acts Tancred in the third act of the piece of that name, and at the end of the fifth; souls were never agitated by such violent emotions, never were tears shed in greater abundance. The perfection of the player's art shewed itself upon those two occasions with a force, of which, till then, we had no idea; and mademoiselle Clairon must be allowed to have surpassed all the painters in the kingdom.

If in the fourth act of Mahomet there had been young players who could form themselves upon this great model, a Seid who could be at once enthusiast and tender, fierce through fanaticism, humane by nature, who knew how to shudder and to weep; a Palmira animated, compassionate, terrified, trembling at the crime she is going to commit; who could feel horror, repentance, and despair, at the moment the crime is committed; a father, truly so, who should appear to have the bowels, the voice, and the deportment of a father; a father, who should acknowledge his two children in his two murderers, who should embrace them shedding tears with his blood; who should mix his tears with those of his children, who should rise to clasp them in his arms, who should fall back and throw himself upon them; in fine, if there was

I

every

every thing that the natural horror of death can furnish a picture with, this situation would even surpass those already mentioned.

It is but a few years since players have ventured to be what they should be, that is, living pictures ; before they declaimed. We know, and the public knows it better than we do, that poets should not be too lavish of those terrible and shocking actions which make the greatest impression when they are well introduced and properly managed, but are quite impertinent when they have no relation to the subject. A piece badly wrote, whose plot is badly unravelled, obscure, loaden with incredible incidents, which has no other merit but that which pantomime and decorations bestow upon it, is a disgusting monster.

Place a tomb in Semiramis, dare to make the ghost of Ninus appear, let Ninias come out of that tomb with his arms stained with his mother's blood ; all that will be allowed you. Respect, for antiquity, mythology, the majesty of the subject, the heinousness of the crime, something gloomy and terrible, which breathes thro' that tragedy from its very opening, carry the spectator, in imagination, far from his age and country ; but do not often take such liberties, let them be rare and let them be indispensable ; if they are idly lavished, they will make spectators laugh.

The abuse of theatrical action may make tragedy become barbarous. What is then to be done ? We should cautiously avoid all rocks ; but as it is easier to make a fine decoration than a fine scene, and to direct performers what attitudes to assume than to write well, it is probable

bable that authors will spoil tragedy whilst they think they are bringing it to perfection.

Parallel between HORACE, BOILEAU, and POPE.

The Encyclopedic Journal, one of the most curious and instructive of Europe, gives us an account of a parallel between Horace, Boileau, and Pope, wrote in England : it mentions the verses addressed to the king of Prussia, in which Pope is preferred to the French as well as the Roman poet.

*Quelques traits échappéz d'une utile morale
Dans leurs picquans écrits brillent par intervalle ;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré :
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'être ;
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.*

Oft with instructive and with moral lines,
Brightly each finish'd composition shines ;
But Pope, possess'd of genius more profound,
What lightly they skim'd over knew to sound.
Light in th' abyss of being first he brought ;
And man by him to know himself was taught.

These lines are to be found at the beginning of the Poem upon the Law of Nature ; a work at once philosophical and moral, in which poetry reassumes its first intention, namely, that of teaching virtue, the love of our neighbour, and indulgence ; and in which the author explains the principles of that universal law which God has implanted in all our hearts. We agree with the author, that the Essay on Man of the cele-

brated Pope is an excellent work, and that neither Horace, Boileau, nor any other poet, have produced any thing of the kind. Rousseau is the first that made an attempt somewhat similar, in a poem entitled, "No body knows why, an allegory:" he does his best to explain the system of Plato: but how weak and languishing is that work! it is neither poetry nor philosophy; there is neither proof nor painting in it.

*L'homme & les dieux de ton souffle animez,
Du même esprit diversément formez,
Furent douez par ta bonté fertile,
D'un chaleur plus vive ou moins fertile,
Selon les corps ou plus vifs ou plus lents,
Qui de leurs feu retardent les elans;
Par ces degres de lumiere iregale,
Tu sus remplir le vuide & l'inter-vale
Qui se trouvait oh magnifique roi
De l'homme au dieux & de dieux jusque à toi;
Et dans ton oeuvre eclatante, immortelle,
Ayant comblé ton idu eternelle,
Tu fis du ciel la demeure de dieux
Et tu mis l'homme dans ce terrestre lieu,
Comme le terme & l'equateur sensible
De l'univers invisible & visible.*

Gods and immortals by thy fire inflam'd,
By the same spirit differently fram'd;
Thy power endu'd them, whom it could create
With a more lively or less subtile heat,
Just as the bodies are more quick or slow,
Plac'd to retard the fires that from them flow;
Thus by light plac'd in a gradation due,
Great king, to fill the mighty void you knew,
That

That mighty void which Reason's eye can see
'Twixt men and gods, betwixt the gods and thee
When in that work with ev'ry wonder fraught,
Complete was made the image of thy thought;
Heaven with the presence of the gods was grac'd,
And man on this terrestrial ball was plac'd;
Who, like th' equator's circle, stands between
The world that's visible and that unseen.

It is no wonder such a poem should have lain in oblivion; it is, as appears by this quotation, a heap of fustian, consisting of improper terms, a concatenation of unmeaning epithets in dry and rugged prose, which the author has turned into rhyme.

Very different from this is the Essay of Pope; poetry never presented so many great ideas in so few words: 'tis the plan of the lords Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, carried into execution by the most consummate artist: accordingly it is translated into almost all the languages of Europe. We do not enter into the question, whether this complete performance is orthodox; whether even its boldness has not in some measure contributed to its extraordinary sale; whether it does not sap the foundation of the christian religion, by endeavouring to prove, that things are exactly in the state in which they should be; and whether this system does not overturn the dogma of the fall, and the holy scriptures. We do not profess theology, we leave it to those that do to refute Pope, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Leibnitz, and other great men; we confine ourselves entire'y to philosophy and poetry. We presume, with a view of

being instructed, to ask how we are to understand this line,

“ All partial evil universal good.”

It is a strange universal good that is composed of the sufferings of each individual ! Let him that is able understand this. Did Bolingbroke well understand himself when he digested this system ? What is the meaning of this maxim ? “ Whatever is, is right.” Is it true with regard to us ? Doubtless it is not. Is it true with regard to God ? It is certain that God does not suffer by our ills. What then is at the bottom of this Platonic reverie ? It is a chaos, like all other systems, but it has been adorned with diamonds.

With regard to the other epistles of Pope, which admit of a comparison with those of Horace and Boileau, I would gladly ask, if these two authors, in their satires, ever had recourse to the weapons of which Pope has made use. His polite treatment of lord Harvey, one of the most amiable men in England, is somewhat extraordinary ; this is the passage word for word :

*Que Harvey tremble ! quoy ? cette chose de foye !
Harvey, ce fromage mon fait de lait d'anesse ?
Helas ! il ne peut sentir ni satire ni raison,
Qui voudrait faire mourir un papillon sur la roue !
Pourtant je veux fraper cette punaise volantes a ailles
dorees,
Cet enfant de la boue qui se peint & qui put,
Dont le bourdonnement fatigue les beaux esprits &
les belles,
Qui ne peut tater ni de l'esprit ni de la beaute :*

Ainsi

Ainsi l'Espagneul bien élevé se plait civilement
 A mordiller le gibier qu'il n'ose entamer.
 Son sourire eternal trahit son vuide----
 Comme les petits ruisseaux se rient dans leurs cours,
 Soit qu'il parle avec son impuissance flouree,
 Soit que cette marionette barbouille les mots que le
 compere lui souffle,
 Soit que crapaud familier a l'oreille d'Eve,
 Moitié ecume, moitié venin, il se crache lui-même
 en compagnie,
 En quolibets, en politiques, contes, en mensonges;
 Son esprit roule sur des oui-dires, entre ceci & cela;
 Tantot haut, tantot bas, petit maître ou petite maî-
 tresse;
 Et lui-même n'est qu'une vile antithese;
 Etre amphibie qui en joue les deux roles,
 La tête frivole & le cœur gaté
 Fat à la toilette, flateur chez le roi,
 Tantot trotte en lady, tantot marche en milord.
 Ainsi les rabbins ont peint le tentateur,
 Avec face de cherubin & queue de serpent.
 Sa beauté vous choque, vous vous desifiez de son
 esprit;
 Son esprit rampe & sa vanite leche la poussiere.

Let Sporus tremble! what, that thing of silk?
 Sporus, that mere white curd of asses milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred Spaniards civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns or politics, or tales or lies,
 In spite or smut, or rhymes or blasphemies :
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile antithesis :
 Amphibious thing, not acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart ;
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest ;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will
 trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

It is true, Pope is discreet enough not to name the lord that he characterizes ; he good-naturedly calls him *Sporus*, which was the name of an infamous prostitute of Nero's : take notice too, that most of these invectives are levelled at the person of lord Harvey, and that Pope goes so far as to reproach him with its gracefulness. When we take it into consideration, that he was a little ill-shaped man, deformed both before and behind, who spoke thus, we have a striking instance of the blindness of anger and self-love.

Readers may very likely ask, whether it was Pope or one of the chairmen who carried him that wrote these lines. This bears no resemblance

blance to the stile of Boileau. May we not justly conclude, that politeness and decency vary in different countries?

To render this difference, which nature and art has made between two neighbouring nations, still more evident, if possible, let us cast our eyes upon a literal translation of a passage in the *Dunciad*; it is in the second book. Dulness had offered a prize for which ever of her favourites should conquer the rest at a race. Two London booksellers are competitors for the prize; one is Lintot, who is somewhat corpulent in person; the other was Curl, a man rather lighter than his antagonist: they run, and this was the consequence:

*Au milieu du chemin on trouve un boubier
Que * madame Curl avait produit le matin;
C'étoit sa coutume de se defaire au leuer de l'aurore
Du mare de son souper devant la porte de sa voisine.
Le malheureux Curl glisse; la troupe pousse un
grand eri;
Le nom de Lintot resonance dans toute la rue;
Le mécreant Curl est couché dans la vilenie,
Couvert de l'ordure qu'il a lui-même fourni, &c.*

Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to
make:

(Such was her wont at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop)

* Wrong translated: Curl's Corinna, spoken of in the original, was not his wife, but one Mrs. Thomas, who wrote for him, and who first gave occasion to the publication of Pope's literary correspondence.

Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the
band,

And Bernard, Bernard, rings thro' all the Strand:
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid.

The picture of Indolence, in the *Lutrin*, is of another kind; but we are told that tastes are not to be disputed.

Another conclusion which we will venture to draw from the comparison of little detached poems with great poems, such as the epic and tragedy, is, that they should have their proper rank assigned them. I cannot conceive how an epistle or an ode can be compared to a dramatic piece of merit. Let an epistle, or what is still more easy to composed, a satire, or what is often insipid enough, an ode, be as well written as a tragedy, there is a hundred times more merit in the composition of the latter, and more pleasure in seeing it, than in transcribing or reading common-place morality: I say common-place morality; for all that can be said upon moral subjects has been said already. A good moral epistle teaches us nothing; a well wrote ode still less; it may at best amuse those who have a taste for poetry about a quarter of an hour; but to create a subject, to invent an intricate intrigue, and unravel it; to give each person of the drama his proper character, and to support it; to contrive that none of them should enter or make their exits without a reason visible to all the spectators; never to leave the stage empty; to make every one say what he should say, with elevation but without bombast, with simplicity free from meanness; to compose fine
verse

verse which does not discover the poet, but is such as the person who speaks might make if he spoke in verse; this is part of the duty which every author of a tragedy must discharge, upon pain of not succeeding amongst us. And when he has accomplished all this, he has hitherto done nothing. Esther is a piece in which all these conditions are fulfilled; but when it was acted upon the stage, the audience could not endure the representation. A poet should, as it were, hold the hearts of spectators in his hand; he should force tears from the most insensible; he should wring the most obdurate hearts: without terror and pity, tragedy has no existence; and even though you should excite both pity and terror, if with these advantages you fail in the observance of other laws, if your verse is not excellent, you are only a middling writer who have treated a well chosen subject.

How difficult is a tragedy, and how easy is an epistle or a satire! Who then could presume to place in the same class a Racine and a Boileau? Who can esteem a portrait painter as much as a Raphael? Can a head by Rimbran be compared to the picture of the Transfiguration, or that of the Wedding of Cana?

We are well aware that most of the epistles of Boileau are fine, and that they have truth for their foundation, without which nothing is supportable; but with regard to the epistles of Rousseau, what falsehoods are there in the subjects, what contorsions in the stile! how frequently do they excite disgust and indignation! What is the meaning of his epistle to Marot, in which he attempts to prove that fools only are wicked? How ridiculous is this paradox!

Were Sylla, Cataline, Cæsar, Tiberius, and even Nero, fools? Was the famous duke of Borgia a fool? Need we seek for examples in antient history? Besides, who can bear the harsh and constrained manner in which this false notion is expressed?

*Et si par fois on vous dit qu'un vaunien
A de l'esprit, examinez le bien,
Vous trouverez qu'il n'en a que le casque,
Et qu'en effet c'est un sot sous le masque.*

Tho' sometimes that a knave has wit men say,
The matter with attention duly weigh,
You'll find he has its covering alone,
And that a mask his folly keeps unknown.

The covering of wit! Good God! was it thus Boileau wrote? Who can endure the epistle to the duke de Noailles, which he has in his latter editions christened, An Epistle to the Count of C———?

*Faitoit qu'en vous gloire et haute naissance
Soient alliez a titres et puissance,
Que de splendeurs et d'honneurs meritez
Votre maison luisse de tous cotez,
Si toutefois ne sont-ce ces bluettes
Qui vous ont mis en l'estime ou vous etez.*

Tho' birth and fame in you combine,
With titles and with power to shine,
Altho' your house on every side
Is with high honours dignify'd,
You are not by those trifles rais'd,
'Tis not for these that you are prais'd.

This

This wretched burlesque, this impertinent mixture of the jargon of the sixteenth century and of the language spoken at present, a mixture held in such contempt by persons of taste, cannot procure the prize for a subject which of itself teaches nothing, means nothing, and is neither useful nor entertaining.

The grand defect which we meet with in all the works of this author, is, that we never meet with our own resemblance in his paintings; we in them see nothing which *renders man dear to himself*, to use the expression of Horace: nothing pleasing, nothing agreeable. This gloomy writer never once spoke to the heart. Most of his epistles turn upon himself, upon his quarrels with his enemies; the public is no way interested in his pitiful concerns; they mind his verses against La Motte no more than his Rocks of Salisbury: what is it to them that amongst those rugged rocks,

*Qui par magic en ces lieux sont venus
S'en trouvent sept, trois de chacune part,
Une au dessus; le tout fait par tel art,
Qu'il represente une porte effective,
Porte vraiment bien faite et bien naive;
Mais c'est le tout; car qui voudroit y voir
Tours ou châtel; doit ailleurs se pourvoir.*

Rocks to that place by magic brougth,
There seven were with such art wrought,
That they a gate most perfect made,
Where nature force of art display'd;
But this was all, for vain it were
To look for towers or castle there.

Can

Can these shocking lines, and this wretched subject, come in competition with the worst tragedy extant? We are overstocked with poetry: a commodity too common is become a drug. The rule of *ne quid nimis*, *not too much*, takes place here. The poetry of the theatre, where the nation assembles, is almost the only sort that interests us now a-days; yet new dramatic poems should not be exhibited too often:

Namque voluptates commendat rarior usus.

For moderate use gives relish to delight.

H I S T O R Y.

AS we have already twenty thousand works, most of them consisting of several volumes, upon the history of France alone, and as the most studious man, though his life were to last an hundred years, could not find time to read them, we should know how to set proper bounds to our desire of knowledge. We are obliged to join to the knowledge of our own country that of the history of our neighbours. It is required of us still more to be acquainted with the illustrious actions of the Greeks and Romans, and their laws, which are still our laws. But if we were desirous of adding to this study that of a more remote antiquity, we should then resemble a man who should lay by Tacitus and Livy to make a serious study of the Arabian Tales. The accounts we have of the origin of all nations are evidently fabulous; the reason of this is, that men must have lived a long time embodied as a people, and have learned to make bread and cloaths (which was a difficult matter) before they could learn to transmit their thoughts to posterity, which was a thing still more difficult. The art of writing is certainly not above six thousand years old amongst the Chinese; and let the Chaldeans and Egyptians say what they will, it is not at all probable that they could write and read earlier.

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The history of ages prior to these could therefore be transmitted by tradition alone ; and it is well known how much the remembrance of past events is altered from generation to generation. The first histories were dictated by imagination alone. Every nation not only invented the account of its own origin, but it likewise invented that of the origin of the whole world.

If we may credit Sanchoniathon things began by a thick air, which was rarefied by the wind ; desire and love sprung from thence, and by the union of desire and love were formed the several animals. The stars did not come till afterwards ; but it was only to adorn the heavens, and to delight the eyes of the animals who were upon earth.

The Kneph of the Egyptians, their Oshiret and their Isfhet, whom we call Osiris and Isis, are no less ingenious and ridiculous. The Greeks embellished all their fictions ; Ovid collected and adorned them with all the charms of the most beautiful poetry. What he says of a god who reduced chaos to order, and of the formation of man, is sublime.

*Sanctius his animal mentisque capucius attā
Deerat adhuc & qui dominari in cætera posset
Natus homo est——*

*Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

Hesiod and other authors who wrote long before Ovid, are far from expressing themselves with this elegant sublimity. But from the important moment in which man was formed, to
6 the

the time of the Olympiads, we meet with nothing but profound obscurity.

Herodotus repairs to the Olympic games, and tells stories to the assembled Greeks as an old woman tells stories to children. He begins by saying that the Phœnicians sailed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, whereby he takes it for granted that these Phœnicians had doubled our Cape of Good Hope, and sailed round Africa.

Then follows the rape of Io, then the fable of Giges and Candaules, then fine stories of robbers, and of a daughter of an Egyptian king, named Cheops, who, having required a piece of free-stone from each of her lovers, had enough to build one of the finest of the pyramids.

To this add oracles, prodigies, and the tricks of priests, and you have the whole history of the human species.

The early periods of the Roman history seem to have been wrote by Herodotus's ; our conquerors and legislators had no other way of reckoning their years but by causing their high priest to drive a nail into a wall.

The great Romulus, king of a village, was the son of the god Mars and of a vestal who went to fill her pitcher with water. He had a god for his father, a prostitute for his mother, and a she-wolf for his nurse. A buckler fell from heaven for Numa. Wonderful books of the Sybils were found. An augur cut a thick flint with a razor by the permission of the gods. A vestal drew a large stranded vessel into the sea with her girdle. Castor and Pollux came to fight for the Romans, and left the tracks of their horses feet imprinted upon the stones. The Gauls who dwelt beyond
the

the mountains came to sack Rome; some say they were driven away by geese, others that they carried off with them great quantities of gold and silver: but it seems probable that geese were at that time much more plentiful in Italy than gold or silver. We have imitated the antient Roman historians, at least in their taste for fables. We have our standard brought from heaven by an angel, the sacred ampulla, or phial, brought by a pidgeon; and if we add to these the cloak of St Martin, there will be enough of the wonderful.

What sort of history would be of real utility? One that should instruct us in our duties and our rights, without seeming to pretend to teach them.

It has often been asked whether the fable of the sacrifice of Iphigenia is taken from the history of Jephthah? Whether the deluge of Deucalion is an imitation of that of Noah? Whether the adventure of Baucis and Philemon is taken from that of Lot and his wife? The Jews declare that they had no communication with strangers; that their books were not known to the Greeks, till after a translation had been made by order of one of the Ptolomies; but the Jews had been long before brokers and usurers among the Greeks of Alexandria. The Greeks never went to Jerusalem to sell old cast cloaths. It appears that no people ever imitated the Jews; and that the latter borrowed many things from the Babylonians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks.

We consider all the Jewish antiquities as sacred, notwithstanding our hatred and contempt for this people. Our reason does not indeed allow us to believe them, but we yield to the Jews
by

by faith. There are about fourscore systems relative to their chronology, and the different ways of explaining the events of their history are still more numerous; we do not know which is the right one; but we are ready to believe it whenever it shall be discovered. We have so many things to believe with regard to this learned and brave people, that our whole stock of faith is exhausted, and we have none left for the prodigies with which the history of other nations abounds. 'Tis to no purpose for Rollin to repeat to us the oracles of Apollo, and the wonders of Semiramis; it is to no purpose for him to transcribe all that has been said of the justice of those antient Scythians, who so often plundered Asia, and eat men upon certain occasions; he finds some incredulity amongst people of education. What I admire most in our modern compilers is the wisdom and ingenuousness with which they prove to us that all the events that formerly came to pass in the greatest empires of the world happened only for the instruction of the inhabitants of Palestine. If the kings of Babylon, amongst their other enterprises, sometimes fall occasionally upon the Hebrew nation, it is merely to punish that people for their sins. If a king named Cyrus makes himself master of Babylon, it is in order to give the same Jews permission to return home. If Alexander conquers Darius, it is to settle the Jewish pawn-brokers in Alexandria. When the Romans join Syria to their extensive empire, and unite the little country of the Jews to their other dominions, 'tis also for the instruction of the Jews; the Arabians and Turks came for nothing but to correct this amiable people. It must be owned, they have been admirably educated; no nation had

had ever so many tutors : such is the utility of history.

But what is most instructive of all is the impartial justice which the clergy have done to all the princes with whom they were dissatisfied. Observe with what candour St. Gregory of Nazianza passes a judgment upon the philosophical emperor Julian ; he declares that this prince, who did not believe in the devil, had a secret commerce with the devil ; and that, upon a day when the demons appeared to him all in flames, and under the most shocking figures, he drove them away by inadvertently making the sign of the cross.

He calls him a frantic wretch ; he declares that Julian sacrificed young boys and girls every night in caves. Thus he revenged himself upon the mildest of mankind, who constantly forgave the invectives which this very Gregory poured out against him during his reign.

One of the most successful methods of justifying the calumnies with which an innocent person is loaded is to apologize for one that is criminal. Thus a compensation is made ; and this is the method made use of by the same Saint of Nazianza. The emperor Constantius, uncle and predecessor of Julian, had, at his accession to the empire, massacred Julius, brother to his mother, and his two sons, who all had received the name of Augustus ; in this he copied the great Constantine his father. He then caused Gallus, the brother of Julian, to be assassinated. He shewed the same cruelty to the empire that he treated his family with ; but he was devout ; and even in a decisive battle with Magnantius, he said his prayers at church during the whole time the armies were engaged. This is the man whom
Gregory

Gregory celebrates. If saints in this manner make us acquainted with the truth, what must we expect from the prophane, especially when they are ignorant, superstitious, and passionate?

Men now a-days sometimes make an use of history, which is somewhat odd. Charters of the age of Dagobert are brought to light, most of them of doubtful authority, and ill understood ; and it is from them inferred, that customs, duties, and prerogatives, which subsisted in those days, should be now revived. I would advise those who study and reason in this manner, to address the sea in these terms : Sea, thou wert formerly at Aiguesmortes, at Frejus, at Ravenna, at Ferrara ; go to those places again without delay.

C O N-

CONVERSATION

BETWEEN THE

INTENDANT DES MENUS,

AND THE

ABBÉ B R I Z E L.

NOT long ago, a counsellor of the order of advocates being consulted by a person of the comedians order, who desired to know what degree of censure they incur who have a fine voice, noble gesture, feeling, taste, and all the talents requisite for speaking in public; the counsellor examined the affair * according to the order of law. The order of the Convulsionaries having laid this work before the order of the grand chamber which sits at Paris, this latter issued an order to the hangman to burn the consultation, as if it had been a bishop's mandate, or a book composed by a Jesuit. I flatter myself that it will do the same honour to the conversation of the intendant des Menus and the

* The work of this counsellor, which turned very much upon Order, was complained of by Mr. le Dain, and burnt at the bottom of the stairs,

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abbé Brizel : I was present at that conversation ; I have collected it with the utmost exactness ; I here present the public with an abstract of it, which every reader of the order of those that have common sense may extend as he thinks proper.

“ I put the case, said the intendant des Menus to the abbé Brizel, that we had never heard of plays before the age of Lewis XIV. I put the case that that prince had been the first that caused dramatic pieces to be exhibited ; that he had caused Cinna, Athaliah, and the Misanthrope, to be composed and represented by noblemen and ladies, before all the ambassadoirs of Europe ; I ask, if it would ever have entered into the head of the curate la Chetardie, or the curate Fantin, both known in the world by the same adventures, or into that of any other curate or monk, to excommunicate these noblemen, these ladies, and Lewis XIV. himself, to refuse them the sacraments of marriage and burial ?” “ No, doubtless, answered the abbé Brizel, such an absurdity could never have entered into the head of any man living.” “ I will go still farther, said the intendant des Menus ; when Lewis XIV. and his whole court danced upon the stage, when Lewis XV. danced with so many young noblemen of the same age with himself, do you think they would have been excommunicated ?” “ You jest, said the abbé Brizel, we are great fools, I own, but not enough so to imagine such an absurdity.”

“ But, said the intendant, you have excommunicated the pious abbé d’Aubignac, father Bossu,

Bossu, the superior of St. Genevieve, father Rapin, the abbé Gravina, father Brumoy, father Porce, madam Dacier, and all who have taught the arts of tragedy and epic poetry according to the laws of Aristotle." "We are not yet fallen into such an excess of barbarism, answered Brizel; it is true, the abbé de la Coste, mons. de la Solle, and the author of the Ecclesiastical Gazette, maintain, that theatrical declamation, music, and dancing, are mortal sins; that David was permitted to dance no where but before the ark, and that neither David, Lewis XIV. nor Lewis XV. ever danced for money; that the empress of Germany never sung but in the presence of a few grandees of her court; and that there is no pleasure in excommunicating any but those who are gainers by speaking, singing, and dancing in public."

"It is then evident, said the intendant, that if there was a tax called that of the king's recreations, and if the expences of them were to be paid by that tax, the king would incur the penalty of excommunication, at the pleasure of any priest who should think proper to launch his thunder at the head of his most christian majesty."

"You puzzle me, excessively," said Brizel.

"I will push the matter home, said Menus; not only Lewis XIV. but cardinal Mazarin, cardinal de Richlieu, the archbishop Trissino, and pope Leo X. were at a considerable expence in causing tragedies, comedies, and operas to be represented. The people contributed towards these expences: yet I cannot find in the history of the church, that any vicar of St. Sulpitius

pitius has for this excommunicated pope Leo X. and these cardinals."

"Why then was mademoiselle La Couvreur carried in a hackney coach to the corner of Burgundy street? Why was Romagnesi, a player belonging to our Italian company, buried upon the high road, like an ancient Roman? Why was an actress belonging to the dissonant chorusses of the royal academy of music, kept three days in her own cellar? Why are all these persons to be burned by a slow fire till the great day of judgment, without having bodies; and why are they, after that day, to be burned to all eternity when they have found their bodies again? It is for no other reason, you will say, but because a pit ticket costs twenty sols?"

Yet these twenty sols do not change the nature of things: they are neither better nor worse in themselves whether the twenty sols are paid or not. A *de profundis* has equal power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, whether it be skilfully sung for ten crowns, harshly chanted for twelve livres, or sung as the Psalms are, *gratis*. It follows then, that there is nothing more diabolical in Cinna or Athaliah when they are represented for twenty sols, than when the king causes them to be played for the amusement of his court. Now if Lewis XIV. was not excommunicated when he danced for his diversion, nor the empress when she played in an opera, it does not appear to be just that those should be excommunicated who give us these entertainments for money by the permission of the king of France, or the empress."

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The abbé Brizel felt the force of this argument ; he made this answer : There are ways of compromising matters : it is wisely ordered, that all should depend upon the arbitrary will of a curate or a vicar. We are so happy and so wise as to have no fixed rule in France. No body would venture to bury the illustrious and inimitable Moliere in the parish of St. Eustachius ; but he had the happiness to be carried to St. Joseph's chapel, according to our excellent and healthy custom of making charnel-houses of our churches. It is true, St. Eustachius is so great a saint, that it would have been improper to have caused the body of the infamous author of the *Misanthrope* to be carried thither : but St. Joseph afforded some consolation ; it was consecrated ground even there. There is an immense difference between consecrated ground and profane ; the first is, without comparison, the most light ; and then the value of the ground is increased in proportion to that of the man. That in which Moliere was interred has acquired reputation. Now as this man was buried in a chapel, he cannot be damned, like mademoiselle la Couvreur and Romagnesi, who were buried upon the highway. Perhaps he is punished in purgatory for having wrote *Tartuff* ; I would not venture to swear to the contrary : but I have no doubt of the salvation of John Baptist Lulli, fidler to the king's sister, king's musician, superintendant of the king's music, who played in Cariselli and Pourceaugnac, and was, moreover, a Florentine ; he is gone to heaven as sure as I shall go thither myself : that

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is evident, for he has a fine marble monument at St. Eustachius's church: he was not thrown upon a dung-hill: fortune rules the globe. Thus reasoned the abbé Brizel, and his reasoning must be allowed to be strong.

The intendent des Menus, who is well versed in history, replied as follows: You have, doubtless, heard of the reverend father Girard; he was a forcerer; nothing can be more certain. It is well attested that he bewitched his penitent by flogging her. Nay more, he breathed upon her as all forcerers do. Sixteen judges declared Girard to be a magician; yet he was buried in consecrated ground. Tell me, now, why should a man that was both a Jesuit and a forcerer have all the honours of sepulture notwithstanding? and why should mademoiselle Clairon be deprived of them, if she should happen to die immediately after playing Paulina, who makes her exit in order to be baptized?

I have already told you, answered the Abbe Brizel, that that is arbitrary. I should be very ready to bury mademoiselle Clairon if there was any thing considerable to be got by it; but some curates might possibly make a scruple to do so; in such a case, no one would think of making a disturbance in her favour, and of making a sort of appeal to parliament as though on account of an abuse. His majesty's comedians are, generally speaking, citizens descended of poor families: their relations have neither money nor credit sufficient to succeed in a law-suit; the public does not concern itself about them; it enjoyed the talents of mademoiselle La Couvereur, during

her life; suffered her to be treated like a dog after her death, and looked upon all this as a meer jest.

The example of forcerers is a great deal more serious. It was, formerly, certain that there were forcerers; it is now certain that there are none, in spite of sixteen judges of Provence, who thought Girard so extraordinary a personage. Excommunication still subsists notwithstanding. If you have no forcerers, it is so much the worse for you; we shall not change our rituals because the world has changed; we resemble Pourceaugnac's physician, we must have a patient, and we take the first that offers.

Excommunication extends even to grass-hoppers; grass-hoppers they are; it is a sad case, I own, that the church should continue to stigmatize them, for they make a jest of excommunication. I have seen clouds of them in Picardy; it is very dangerous to offend great companies, and to expose the thunders of the church to the contempt of persons in power; but as to three or four hundred poor comedians scattered up and down through the kingdom of France, there is nothing to fear from treating them like grass-hoppers, and those who play tricks of legerdemain.

I shall now tell you something still more to the purpose: Mr. Intendant, are you not the son of a farmer general? No, Sir, said the Intendant, that was my uncle's place; my father was receiver general of the finances, and both were secretaries to his majesty, as well as my grandfather. Well then, replied Brizel, your uncle,
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Your father, and your grandfather, are excommunicated, anathematized, damned to all eternity; and whoever has the least doubt of this, is an impious wretch, a monster, in a word, a philosopher.

Des Menus hearing this, did not know whether he should laugh at the abbé or beat him; he however chose rather to laugh; I wish, Sir, said he to Brizel, you would be so good as to shew me the bull or decree of council, that damns the receivers of the king's finances, and those who are concerned in the king's five great farms. I will produce twenty councils, said Brizel; I will do more, I will shew you a passage in the gospel, which declares that every receiver of king's money is placed in the class of Pagans; and you will find by the antient constitutions, that they were not suffered to enter the church in its early centuries. *Sicut Ethnicus & Publicanus*, as a Gentile and a publican, is a passage well known; the ecclesiastical law has admitted of no charge upon this head; the anathema thrown out against tax-gatherers, against receivers of the public money, was never revoked. Would you then have that revoked which was launched, in the earliest centuries, against actors who played the *Œdipus* of Sophocles; an anathema which is still in force against those who no longer play the *Œdipus* of Corneille. Begin with bringing your father, your grand-father, and your uncle out of hell; and then we will do what we can for his majesty's comedians.

"You talk madly, Mr. Brizel, said the intendant; my father was the chief person in his parish,

parish, he is buried in his own chapel ; my uncle erected to his memory a marble mausoleum, as fine as Lulli's ; and if his curate had ever talked to him of *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus*, he would have had him thrown into a ditch. I do not doubt but St. Matthew might have damned tax-gatherers, though he had been one himself, or that they stood at the church doors in ancient days : but you must own, that in the present times no body would venture to tell us so to our faces ; and that if we are excommunicated, it is only *incognito*.

“ You have hit it, said Brizel : we leave the *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus* in the gospel ; we no longer open the antient rituals, and we live in peace with the farmers-general, provided they pay well for receiving the sacrament.

Mr. Intendant was somewhat appeased, but he could not digest the *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus*. I intreat you, my dear Brizel, said he, to tell me why that satirical stroke was inserted in your books, and why we were so ill treated in the early ages. That is no difficult matter, said Brizel : those who pronounced this excommunication were poor people, and most of them Jews ; about a quarter of the number consisted of Greeks ; the Romans were their masters ; the receivers of tribute were either Romans, or elected by the Romans ; there could not be a more infallible method of drawing in the populace, than by anathematizing the officers of the revenue : conquerors, masters, and tax-gatherers are always hated. The populace run after folks who preach up equality of conditions,
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and damn the farmers of the revenue: exclaim in the name of the most high against powers and taxes; the mob will certainly declare for you, if you are not stopped in your career; and when a sufficient number of those of the lower sort is devoted to you, then men of abilities will not be wanting to put saddles upon their backs, bits in their mouths, and to ride them till they have subverted states and thrones: then they will erect a new building, but they will preserve the old stones, though rude and unformed, because they were of service before, and are dear to the people; they will be added to the new marble, the gold and the precious stones will be afterwards lavished; and there will be always bearded antiquaries who will prefer the old rubbish to the new marble.

This, Sir, is the succinct history of what has passed amongst us. France was a long time immersed in barbarism; and even now that it begins to be civilized, there are still amongst us persons attached to the antient barbarism. We have, for example, a small number of virtuous people, who would willingly deprive the farmers general of all their wealth condemned by the gospel, and deprive the world of an art as noble as innocent, which the gospel never forbid, and which none of the apostles have spoken of. But the sensible part of the clergy leaves the financiers to jog on to the devil in peace, and only suffers the comedians to be damned for meer matter of form. I understand, said the intendant des Menus; you take care not to offend the financiers, because they invite you to dinner; you fall upon

the comedians because they never invite you. Do you forget, Sir, that the comedians receive the king's pay, and that you cannot excommunicate an officer of the king's for doing his duty? You are not therefore to excommunicate a comedian of the king's, who plays Cinna or Polyeuctes by his special command.

“ And where did you learn, said Brizel, that we have not power to damn one of the king's officers? I suppose from the rights of your Gallican church. But are you ignorant that we excommunicate even kings themselves? We proscribed the great Henry IV. Henry III. and Lewis XII. the father of his people, whilst he called a council at Pisa; Philip the Fair, Philip Augustus, Lewis VIII. Philip I. and the pious king Robert, though he had burnt so many heretics: know that we have it in our power to anathematise all princes, and to cause them to die suddenly; consider that, and then complain, if you will, that we fall upon a few theatrical princes.

The intendant des Menus, somewhat nettled, interrupted him, and said: You may excommunicate my masters as you please, but they will know how to punish you; but reflect that it is I that go to his majesty's comedians with his orders to come and damn themselves before him: if they are out of the pale of the church, I am out of it also; if they are guilty of a mortal sin, in drawing tears from virtuous men by acting in virtuous pieces, it is I who give occasion to that sin: if they go to the devil, it is I that conduct them to hell. I receive the order
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from the first gentlemen of the chamber, they are more guilty than I; the king and queen, who command them to act for their instruction and delight, are yet a hundred times more guilty. If you cut off soldiers from the body of the church, you must inevitably at the same time cut off the officers and the generals; you will never extricate yourself out of this difficulty. Do but reflect in what an absurdity you involve yourself; you suffer citizens in his majesty's service to be thrown to the dogs, whilst at Rome, and in all other countries, they are treated honourably during their lives and after their deaths.

Brizel answered, Do you not see that it is because we are a grave, serious, consistent people, in every respect superior to the inhabitants of other countries. One half of Paris has embraced the sect of Convulsionaries; people of this stamp should check those libertines who are satisfied with obeying the king, who do not controul his actions, who love his person, who chearfully supply him wherewithal to support the dignity of his throne, who, after having discharged their duty, pass their lives with tranquility in cultivating the arts; who respect Sophocles and Euripides, and who damn themselves by living like people of virtue and sense.

This world, I must acknowledge, is composed of knaves, fanatics, and ideots, amongst whom there is a little separate society called Good Company; this little society being rich, well bred, knowing, and polite, is, as it were, the flower of human kind; for this society elegant pleasures are intended; the greatest men have exerted
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their talents for their pleasure ; 'tis they that give reputation, and, to tell you all, 'tis this society that despises us, whilst it behaves politely to us whenever we fall in its way. We all endeavour to gain admittance to this small number of select persons, and, from the Jesuits to the Capuchins, from father Quesnel to the scoundrel who composes the Ecclesiastical Gazette, we assume a thousand forms, in order to acquire some credit with this small number, of which it is impossible for us ever to be. If we find any lady weak enough to listen to us, we persuade her that it is absolutely necessary to have white cheeks in order to go to heaven, and that red is highly displeasing to the saints in Paradise. The lady leaves off painting, and we squeeze money out of her.

We love to preach because chairs are hired at church ; but how can it be expected that people of taste should listen to a tedious discourse, divided into three articles, whilst they have their minds full of the beautiful passages of Cinna, Polieuctes, the Horatii, Pompey, Phædra, and Athaliah ! This exasperates us.

We enter the house of a lady of quality ; we ask the company's opinion of the last sermon of the preacher at St. Roc ; the lady's son answers us by repeating some lines of Racine. We then ask them whether they have read the theological tract intitled, *The Work of Six Days* ? We are told in return, that a new tragedy has just appeared. In fine, the time is approaching, that we shall have no longer any influence except over the rabble. This piques us ; and when we are in an ill humour, we excommunicate as many as we are able.

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The case is not the same at Rome, and in the other states of Europe. When a fine mass has been sung at St. John of Lateran, or St. Peter's church, with grand chorusses in four parts, and when twenty castrati have sung a hymn with quavering voices, all is ours: those who composed the congregation go in the evening to drink chocolate at the opera of St. Ambrose, and nobody takes umbrage at this. Churchmen take care not to excommunicate la Signora Cuzzoni, la Signora Faustina, la Signora Barbarini, and above all Signor Farinelli, knight of Calatrava, and actor of the opera, who is possessed of diamonds as big as my thumb.

In that country persons in power never persecute; this is the reason why a king who is never opposed always proves a good king, if he does not want common sense. All the mischief is done by low wretches who endeavour to domineer. These alone persecute with a view of acquiring importance. The pope is so powerful in Italy, that he has no occasion to excommunicate persons of worth, possessed of talents which challenge esteem; but there are creatures in Paris with flat hair and mean understandings, who find it necessary to make themselves considerable by such means. If they do not form cabals, if they do not preach up rigid tenets, if they do not declaim against the elegant arts, they are overlooked in the crowd. Passengers take no notice of dogs except when they bark, and it is the desire of all to be taken notice of. The jealousy and rivalry of professions have great influence over this world. I have divulged our secret;
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don't discover what I have said, and do me the favour to procure me a box in the lettice at the first tragedy of Mr. Collardeau.

That you shall have, said the intendant de Menus ; but make a complete discovery of your mysteries. Why is there not one of those with whom I have conversed upon this subject, who will agree with me that the excommunication of a society paid by the king is the highest insolence and absurdity ? And at the same time why does nobody make an effort to put an end to this scandalous abuse ?

I think I have already answered you, said Brizel, by owning, that we swarm with contradictions. France, to speak seriously, is the region of wit and folly, of industry and sloth, of philosophy and fanaticism, of gaiety and pedantry, of laws and abuses, of just taste and impertinence. The ridiculous contrast between the renown of the tragedy of Cinna, and the infamy of those that represent it ; the right possessed by the bishops of having a box to themselves at the representation of Cinna, and their right of anathematizing the actors, the author and the spectators, must be allowed to form an inconsistency worthy of the folly of this people ; but produce me an instance of one human establishment that is not contradictory.

Tell me why, since the apostles were all circumcised, and the first fifteen bishops of Jerusalem circumcised, you are not circumcised likewise ? Why you can with impunity eat puddings, though the prohibition to eat them was never cancelled ? Why the successors of the apostle,

apostles, who earned their bread by their labour, should wallow in riches and honours? Why, though St. Joseph was a carpenter, and though his divine son stooped to learn that trade, has his vicar driven out the emperors, and without ceremony taken their place? Why have those who asserted that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son, been excommunicated and anathematized during a succession of ages? And why are those now damned who think the contrary? Why is a second marriage expressly forbid in the Gospel to those whose first marriage has been annulled, and why do we permit second marriages in this case? Tell me, how comes it to pass, that the same marriage that is declared null and void at Paris, is still in force at Avignon?

To turn our conversation to the theatre, of which you are so fond, explain to me the reason why you applaud the brutal and factious insolence of Joad, who causes Athaliah to be beheaded because she was desirous of having her grandson Joas educated at her own court, at the same time that if a priest amongst us was to make any such attempt upon those of the royal family, there is not a soul that would not condemn the delinquent to capital punishment?

Custom regulates all things: dancing, for example, has been, in almost all nations, a religious ceremony; the very Jews danced through devotion. If the archbishop of Paris was to take it into his head to dance a minuet at high mass, people would laugh at it as much as at his certificates of confession; sacramental acts are still

represented at Madrid upon holy-days. A comedian plays Jesus Christ; another plays Satan; an actress represents the Holy Virgin; another, Mary Magdalen at her toilet; harlequin repeats the Ave-Maria; Judas says his Pater-noster.

During these representations, they sometimes, with great ceremony, burn the descendants of our good father Abraham; and whilst the poor wretches roast, they gravely sing to them pious ballads, composed by one of their kings, and translated into bad Latin. Notwithstanding all this, there is as much good sense, politeness, and wit, at Madrid, as at any court in Europe.

Horses at Rome receive a benediction; were we to cause our stables at St. Genevieve to be blessed, half Paris would exclaim against the scandal.



F I N I S.

